№ 40116.116

THE TRVSTEES OF THE
PVBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 · 1878

Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

FORM NO. 609: 1,3,49: 200M.

Musical Pastels

By GEORGE P. UPTON

MUSICAL HANDBOOKS

THE STANDARD OPERAS

THE STANDARD ORATORIOS

THE STANDARD CANTATAS

THE STANDARD SYMPHONIES

THE STANDARD LIGHT OPERAS

12mo. Yellow edges. Per volume, $1.50

WOMAN IN MUSIC

16mo. $1.00

MUSICAL PASTELS: A Series of Essays on Quaint and Curious Musical Subjects.

Large 8vo. With ten full-page illustrations from rare wood engravings.

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY · CHICAGO

ON
UBLIC
LIBRARY

Musical Pastels

By

George P. Upton

With Illustrations from Rare Prints and Facsimiles

4046.146

Chicago
A. C. McClurg & Co.
1902

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

8655

COPYRIGHT
A. C. MCCLURG & CO.
1902

Published September 13, 1902

Sept 30. 1902
Cf

So wishing the long Continuance of your careful Love and loving Care to all good Learning, especially to Musicke, the earthly Solace of Man's Soule, I ever Remaine

The Honourer and sincere Affector
of your Approved
good Mindes.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, *A Brief Discourse* (Dedication), 1614.

PREFACE

THIS volume is dedicated to those who appreciate the literature of music as well as its art. It has been my purpose to present a series of sketches, based upon materials found in my own musical library, setting forth certain rare musical events which may have a general interest for all readers, and may not be entirely familiar even to musical students. In this sense "Musical Pastels" is not an original creation. Others have furnished the subjects and materials. I have only made the selections, keeping harmony in view, and put on the color as attractively as was within my skill, trusting that what has been a labor of love to me may be a source of pleasure and perhaps of profit to the reader.

G. P. U.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1902.

CONTENTS

	Page
Nero, the Artist	3
The Musical Small-Coals Man	21
Music and Religion	37
The First American Composer	59
The Beggar's Opera	75
The First Opera	91
Some Musical Controversies	103
A Musical Royal Family	135
The Bullfinch and the Nightingale	167
The Man Beethoven	187

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Apollo and the Nine Muses . . . . . *Frontispiece*

From the Original Plate by Bartolozzi.

FACING PAGE

Thomas Britton, the Musical Small-Coals Man . . . 30

From the Original Portrait by Woolaston.

John Gay 76

From a rare Print.

Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton 96

From the Original by Hogarth.

Francesco Bernardo Senesino 108

From the Portrait by Thomas Hudson.

Faustina-Bordona Hasse 120

From the Portrait by Rosalba.

Francesca Cuzzoni Sandoni 128

From the Portrait by E. Seeman.

King Henry VIII. 136

From the Portrait by Holbein in the Royal Gallery at Kensington.

Queen Elizabeth 160

From an Old Print drawn by Isaac Oliver Limner.

Ludwig Van Beethoven 196

From a rare German Print, after original Pen-and-Ink Sketches not long before his death.

NERO, THE ARTIST

MUSICAL PASTELS

NERO, THE ARTIST

Lo! there the arts, the studies that engage
The world's great master! On a foreign stage
To prostitute his voice for base renown
And ravish from the Greeks a parsely crown.
JUVENAL'S SATIRES.

A hero quitting his imperial throne
And courting glory from the tinkling string.
YOUNG.

NOT one of the six imperial Cæsars — Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero — has been awarded his true artistic meed by ancient or modern historians. Suetonius, Tacitus, Dio Cassius, Pliny, and Juvenal have given us sketches of some of them as rulers and soldiers, and of others as sensualists, monsters of vice, remorseless assassins, and past-masters in every form of iniquity; while the modern historians accept the statements of the ancient, and consign the worst of them, in the words of Gibbon, to "eternal infamy." Nor has relentless history made any allowances for the excesses of the Cæsars. It has been left for

modern students to discover that Julius Cæsar was an epileptic, that others were afflicted in such manner as to bring them within Lombroso's category of degenerates, and that Nero was a victim of what is known in the profession as "circular insanity," raising him to heights of exaltation at one time and depressing him at another to conditions of fear and rage which found vent in hideous excesses. It would be useless, however, to dispute history in this matter; still more useless to construct an apology for any one of the Cæsars; most useless of all to defend Nero, by common consent the worst of the six and the generally accepted monster of the ages. His vices were those of the upper classes of the Rome of his day, and only more conspicuous because his exalted position gave him a more prominent stage for their exhibition.

In contrast with the execrable side of Cæsarism it may not be unprofitable to consider Nero from the artistic standpoint. He stands out conspicuously as the artist of the group. It may be pleasant to turn from his orgies, vices, and cruelties, and study him as painter, modeller, poet, actor, and musician; for all of these he was with more or less of success. As to his vices, it is not unreasonable to charge them to temperament and heredity. Never was there a clearer example of hereditary malevolence ruthlessly dominating an unbalanced nature. His father, Domitius

Aënobarbus, spent his time in foulest debaucheries, and killed his freedmen for pastime. His mother, Agrippina, had an extraordinary repertory of vices, even for a time when vice was the prevailing fashion. Is it remarkable, then, that Nero fully confirmed the truth of the remark made by his father when he was congratulated upon the birth of his son, that "nothing but what was detestable and pernicious could ever be produced of him and Agrippina"? Domitius died when Nero was but three years of age, and the child was left in charge of his aunt Lepida, who, to secure greater freedom for the practice of her own vicious habits, intrusted him to a barber and dancing-master. From their hands he passed into those of Seneca, the sleek, hypocritical moralist, who abetted him in his vices, apologized for his cruelties, publicly defended some of his murders, shared his royal patron's hush-money, and unquestionably was *particeps criminis* in the death of Agrippina; at the same time prating that "God has the mind of a father towards the good, and loves them much," and that "whom God loves, them he fortifies and chastises." Seneca died rich, not because God loved and chastised him, but because Nero had the good taste to request him to end his ethical career. With such a preceptor and with such examples all about him, what wonder is it that Nero became an adept in poisoning, and that after despatch-

ing most of his relatives, wives, mistresses, and friends, he butchered Christians, burned Rome, and, apparently disappointed that he could not extirpate virtue itself, at last took his own life? But even in his murders Nero displayed the artistic spirit. He could not kill vulgarly. Those whom it pleased him to eliminate died in an agreeable manner. No one knows the recipe for that imperial dish of mushrooms which his friend Locusta, an artist in poisons, prepared for him. It was a *chef d'œuvre*, tempting to the eye and palate; but no one survived its eating. Nero's arsenal of poisons contained golden fruit, knives smeared with deadly juices, glittering rings no one could wear with impunity, and insidious essences lurking in flowers and gloves. Nero was artistic in his poisoning as in everything else. He never killed but one vulgarly, and that one was himself; but his death was the extinction of an artist.

From his earliest years Nero displayed an aptitude for painting, drawing, and modelling. While yet a beardless boy, he took part in a Trojan play at the Circensian games with credit. He was a promising scholar in poetry and music, and his crafty mother encouraged him in his studies with the vain hope that they might divert him from imperial ambition and give her a longer lease of power. In his seventeenth year he recited poetry of his own composition in the

theatre; whereat the populace were so delighted that public prayers were offered to the gods in his behalf, and his verses, written in golden letters, were dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. Pleased with the adulation of the people, he gave them brilliant stage plays, mimic naval engagements, and gladiatorial combats, which he himself witnessed, reclining upon a sumptuously upholstered couch. When he dedicated those magnificent baths, of which Martial says, "What worse than Nero? what better than his baths?" he went down into the orchestra to receive a crown for the best recitation of Latin verse and the best performance upon the cithara.

This was the beginning of his musical triumphs. He studied the cithara, as an accompaniment for the voice, with Terpnus, a great harpist of the period, and no one ever studied more faithfully. Suetonius says: "He would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits or food prejudicial to the voice." After sufficient practice of this severe regimen and many courses of lessons from his instructor, Terpnus, he decided to make his professional début at Naples. It was the turning-point of his artistic career. If he should fail — but in the "bright lexicon" of Nero's youth there was no such word as "fail." He averted such a

possibility by adopting a method which has insured the success of many a modern singer: he organized a claque. Several bands of lusty young Neapolitans were trained to applaud in the three different modes, viz., the *bombi*, or hum of bees; the *imbrices*, or rattle of hail upon a roof; and the *testæ*, or clashing of porcelain vessels together. The device worked successfully. Night after night the human bees hummed sweetly in Nero's ears, the hail pattered, and the vessels clashed with joyful tumult, to which the people added their enthusiastic clamor, and night after night Nero scored a somewhat dubious triumph. The news of his success travelled to the imperial city, and messengers were sent to implore him to return and let the people hear "the heavenly voice." He graciously consented, and to lend all possible brilliancy to his first Roman appearance, he instituted the Neronian games and appointed a day upon which he would enroll his name on the list of musicians and contend for the prize. This disgusted the Roman Four Hundred, who looked upon music as fit only for slaves, and regarded a citharist much as the Tudors regarded a fiddler. They were careful, however, not to incur his displeasure by absenting themselves from the performance. Upon the eventful day he sang the tragic story of Niobe, and, it is needless to say, the judges awarded him the crown. Subsequently he

appeared in other contests, singing the gruesome legends of "Canace in Labor," "Orestes, the Murderer of his Father," "Œdipus Blinded," and "Hercules Mad." His reception by the people was always enthusiastic; but it is evident he felt the undercurrent of upper-class disapproval of his course, and that his artistic sensibility was touched by it, as he declared that "the Greeks were the only people who had an ear for music and were the only good judges of him and his attainments." Naples at that time had a large Greek population. Nero, however, had little reason to complain of his Roman audiences. He was most arbitrary in his regulations: when he performed, no one was allowed to leave the theatre; and as his performances often lasted most of the day and sometimes into the night, it was no ordinary demand that he made upon his wearied auditors. Like Tigellius, Julius Cæsar's friend, whom Horace satirized, he sang from "the time of eggs to that of apples." All sorts of devices to escape were invented, but woe to the unfortunate patron detected in the act by Nero or his spies. Inattention was also visited with severe penalties. Vespasian, afterwards Emperor, upon one occasion had the misfortune to go to sleep during an unusually long performance, and would have lost his life for the offence, but for the intercession of influential friends. Nor could Nero have been solicitous

in the matter of prizes, for he silenced clamorous competitors with significant menaces and did not scruple to bribe the judges, whose eagerness to accept Nero's gifts was enhanced by the danger of refusing them. But in spite of these irregularities Nero himself strictly adhered to the rules governing the contests. Tacitus, in his enumeration of the "Citharæ leges," says that Nero submitted to all of them, even including the one which forbids the performer to sit when fatigued — a physical discomfort in his case which may have inspired his order that no one in the audience should leave until the conclusion of his performance, however wearied he might be. But disregarding his many advantages over all competitors in these contests at Rome, and oblivious of the fact that political disaffection was rapidly gathering head, he made the Grecian tour. He appeared at the public games in various cities, and acquitted himself with such success that he won a wealth of crowns, bringing back with him, it is said, no less than eighteen hundred from Athens alone. With these trophies and accompanied by a brilliant retinue, he returned to Naples, the scene of his initial triumph, entering the city through a breach in the walls after the manner of martial conquerors. During his brief stay in Naples he organized a triumphal entry into Rome, upon a scale of magnificence intended to silence

his critics and dazzle the people with its spectacular splendor.

Proudly erect in the chariot of Augustus drawn by white horses; clad in a purple tunic and gorgeous white cloak sown thickly with golden stars; wearing the Olympian crown upon his brow and carrying the Parthian in his right hand; slaves preceding him, bearing his many spoils of song, and heralds proclaiming his victories, — Nero drove through a breach in the walls, as he had done at Naples; thence he passed along the street called Velabrum, through which the great Julius once passed when he ascended to the Capitol to celebrate his Gallic triumph; thence he passed through the Forum to the Palatine Hill and the Temple of Apollo, God of Song. The multitude greeted him with loud acclaim. Matrons and girls strewed the streets with flowers. The joyous strains of pipes, flutes, trumpets, and citharas were mingled with the shouts of the enthusiastic populace. The splendor of the pageant silenced his critics. The Romans cared little for music, but they dearly loved a spectacle. Nero himself recked little of the growing discontent, or of the conspiracies forming against him, of which he had been warned while pleasuring in Greece. It was his hour of most delightful triumph, and the most brilliant episode in his musical career; but it was also the beginning of the swiftly approaching

end. A storm was gathering which, when its force was spent, would leave this imperial artist, who to-day has entered Rome with such splendor, a pitiable wreck by the wayside, a forlorn fugitive, forgotten by the gods, detested by men, but with his last breath and with magnificent egoism asserting his artistic claim — all that was left to him from his imperial state.

The evil days came quickly. His triumphal entry was soon forgotten by the fickle Romans, and the conspirators were busy as bees in their secret work. He renewed his revels and studied new sources of entertainment for the people; but when he appeared in public, sullen faces greeted him. They no longer clamored to hear "the heavenly voice"; they no longer feared his power, but openly questioned his authority. Revolts were menacing them; intrigues in the city followed each other with alarming rapidity; and the discontent in the provinces governed by Vindex, Galba, and Otho incited the conspirators to bolder action. A portentous comet blazed in the sky, presaging disaster to the last of the Cæsars of the Augustan house. Pestilence added its terrors. The spirit of sedition spread so rapidly that lampoons were publicly posted, and the satirists indulged in scurrilous jests at Nero's expense. Actors guyed him in the theatre, and men mocked at him in the streets; but he bore insult and reproach calmly. It was only

when some low fellow called him "a pitiful harper" — him, the great Nero who had played his lyre in Greece, the home of art, and brought back with him a thousand crowns — that the spirit of the artist was roused. He sought anew to appease the people with the charms of music and the brilliancy of spectacles. He even promised them an exhibition of the wonderful hydraulic organ which Ctesibius of Alexandria had invented, but the popular discontent and hatred were too strong to be allayed by citharas and organs. In the midst of these gathering disasters came the burning of Rome. Tradition charges Nero with being the author of this memorable disaster, but more sober history acquits him of the crime. Nero has enough to account for without adding that week of flame to his catalogue of excesses. The legend, oft repeated as it has come down the ages, has at last changed from baseless rumor to almost unquestioned fact, and has become so firmly fixed in the popular mind that it will probably be impossible ever to disabuse the world of the belief that Nero sat in his tower — a tower that was not built until two hundred years after his death — engaged in the undignified business of "fiddling," while the Imperial city blazed around him. If Nero had been musically inclined at such a time, he would have been the artist, and sung to the accompaniment of his cithara in his best manner some stirring pæan,

while stately palaces and temples of the gods were "in one red burial blent." Suetonius and later writers, upon no stronger authority than rumor, assert that he did this; and the former tells us that, "being delighted with the beautiful effect of the conflagration, he sung a poem on the ruin of Troy, in the tragic dress he used upon the stage." Tacitus, however, who was nearer the time, and is always careful as to his statements, scouts at rumor and says that the origin of the fire is uncertain. Nero's efforts to stay its progress, to alleviate the distress caused by it, and to restore the waste places by building them up more splendidly than before, are of themselves sufficient to acquit him of the charge of incendiarism; but, nevertheless, he will be held responsible through all coming ages for the burning of Rome, as well as for the added indecorum of fiddling on the top of his tower — though there were no "fiddles" at that time, and though Nero antedated his tower more than two centuries. But if Nero sang the "Ruin of Troy" in the midst of the conflagration, it was his last public musical performance, and thus he literally ended his artistic career in "a blaze of glory." He was to sing once more, but, oh, in what hopeless, sad, and squalid circumstances!

Thickly and more thickly the clouds gathered about his devoted head. He plunged into the wildest excesses and committed a thousand cruelties. The

spectres of his victims taunted him in his dreams; voices called to him from the tombs; the grotesque shapes of delirium haunted his pillow. On the eve of his last day, deserted by his friends, forsaken even by his personal guards, uncertain which way to fly, there is something pathetic in the picture of the monarch who had driven through the Velabrum in such splendor, now singing alone to the twanging of his lyre the mournful ditty of "Œdipus in Exile." The end came quickly. Flying, he hardly knew whither, and finding himself pursued by the soldiery, he at last drove his dagger into his throat rather than fall into their hands alive. In that supreme moment, the memories of his former artistic achievements and victories crowding upon his bewildered mind, he summed up his whole career before his hand struck the fatal blow, in the memorable words, "What an artist the world is now about to lose!" All else counted for nothing. At the last he was Nero the artist, and the world was the loser by his death. Sublime pity! Sublimer egoism!

Thus at the age of thirty-two Nero perished. He was young, but he had lived much. He was fond of splendor. He would have died more contentedly had he known that the expenses of his funeral would be more than two hundred thousand sesterces and that the bier upon which his body was carried to the pile to be burned

would be covered with the same gorgeous robes he wore when he returned from Greece. His desire to have his name go down the ages was almost a mania, and it has been gratified. For years it was believed he had not died and that he would return to power. A century after his death the Greeks were still reciting the stories of his musical achievements. For more than ten centuries his perturbed spirit was supposed to haunt the Pincian Hill. In this twentieth century Nero still remains the only great Roman artist of his time whom we know. He has left a deeper impression upon all succeeding generations than any other of the Cæsars save Julius. His craving for immortality has been gratified. Ten modern composers, among them Pallavicini, Reissiger, Rubinstein, and Handel, have celebrated his life in their operatic scores, and thus paid him the highest musical tribute. No other Roman emperor has been so generously remembered. He was execrated by the Romans, not so much for his vices as because he disgraced his sovereignty by practising the art of the actor and of the singer. They gave him a royal funeral; but they consigned the cithara ever after to the slaves.

What helps it those
  Who skill in song have found
Well to compose
  Of disagreeing notes

By artful choice
  A sweetly pleasing sound
To fit their voice
  And their melodious throats?
What helps it them
  That they this cunning know,
If most condemn
  The way in which they go?

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667).

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COALS MAN

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COALS MAN

Tho' mean thy Rank, yet in thy humble Cell
Did gentle Peace and Arts unpurchas'd dwell:
Well pleased Apollo thither led his Train
And Musick warbled in her sweetest Strain.
Cyllenius so, as Fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's Grove.
Let useless Pomp behold and blush to find
So low a Station, such a liberal Mind.

JOHN HUGHES.

O more fascinating character appears in the history of music than Thomas Britton, the seventeenth century musical small-coals man. He was a familiar figure in the streets of London, with his coal sack upon his back, lustily soliciting customers after the manner of the huckster, from early manhood to the day of his death. And yet this man, following the humblest of vocations and dwelling in a garret as unpretentious as any in Grub Street for nearly forty years, assembled about himself nightly the greatest poets, painters, and musicians of his time. Court beauties graced his dingy apartment. He was received on terms of equality by the nobility at a time when the lines of

social caste were more rigid than they are now, and many a lordling condescended to ask the privilege of visiting his garret. In that almost squalid room he attracted audiences which, if not as large, were as select and brilliant as those which frequented the opera or the play-house; and there he founded, and carried to success, what was then called the Musical Club and is now known as the Chamber Concert. Thus Thomas Britton led two lives: in the one he was a begrimed street peddler; in the other he consorted with the Muses and was a disciple of art in its higher forms. Beauty courted his presence; poets sang his praises. Every night the great musicians discoursed most excellent music in his garret; yet every day he cried his coals in the busy London streets. He could never give up the one life for the other, and history has preserved him for us in both phases of his extraordinary career. His two portraits hang among those of the great men of England in the British Museum. In one of them he is painted in his blue blouse, with the coal measure in his hand; in the other he is tuning a harpsichord, with shelves of books around him and a violin hanging upon the wall.

Little is known of the early life of Thomas Britton. The most reliable authorities agree that he was born in 1654 at Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, Eng-

land. His family was obscure and poor in estate. Forced to earn his subsistence, the lad went to London, where he apprenticed himself to a coal dealer, with whom he served seven years. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he left his employer, who gave him a small sum of money, with the understanding that he should not engage in the same business. He then returned to his native place. His money was soon spent, and we find him once more back in London, where with cheerful indifference to his agreement, he promptly went into the coal business. This was in 1677. He hired a stable for twenty dollars a year and divided it into two stories, using the lower for the storage of his coal and the upper for a living-room — a long, dingy apartment, access to which was had by a ladder-like staircase from the outside, and so low of ceiling that persons of even ordinary stature could hardly stand upright in it. Eben Ward, a neighbor and one of the distinguished company which frequented this humble but famous room, says of it in his "Complete and Humorous Account of all the Remarkable Clubs and Citizens of London and Westminster":

"His Hut wherein he dwells, which has long been honored with such good Company, looks withoutside as if some of his Ancestors had happened to be Executors to old snarling Diogenes, and that they had carefully transplanted the Athe-

nian Tub into Clerkenwell; for his House is not much higher than a Canary Pipe and the Window of his State Room but very little bigger than the Bunghole of a Cask."

In such rude and almost squalid environment this man, who all day long tramped the London streets crying his coal, was every night for forty years the companion of the finest scholars, painters, and musicians of his day, and the associate on terms of equality of men of the highest social rank. Even when plying his vocation in his grimy blouse, he was deferentially addressed as "sir," while the common people regarded him with something like awe and wondered among themselves whether he was not some distinguished person in disguise.

While Britton is most famous in his relations to the music of his day, he was a man of excellent general culture. He had a very thorough knowledge of chemistry and physics, was a profound student of the occult sciences, and an expert authority in matters pertaining to books and manuscripts. For his knowledge of science he was greatly indebted to one Doctor Garenciers, his near neighbor and physician to the French Embassy, whose teachings he put to practical use by the construction of a laboratory, in which he made many new experiments. His investigation of occultism might have been more valuable had he not been extremely superstitious, — a failing which was

destined to involve him in a tragic fate. His literary attainments were superior to those of most of the scholars of his time, although it was an age when bibliophiles were abundant, and the quest for rare editions and old manuscripts was eager. The passion for collection raged; and among its aristocratic victims were Edward, Earl of Oxford, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Earls of Pembroke, Winchelsea, and Sunderland. It was the custom of these titled persons to go into the city every Saturday, when Parliament was not in session, and devote the forenoon to a search among the shops for old books, each one taking a different route and all meeting at the shop of one Christopher Bateman, at noon, to compare notes and exhibit their treasures. There also, precisely at twelve of the clock, Thomas Britton, having finished his coal route, appeared in his old blouse in the midst of the smart company, and engaged with them for an hour in improving discourse upon books, examining their collections, and pronouncing expert opinions upon them; after which aristocrats and coal man would adjourn to the Mourning Bush (the tavern symbol had been painted black to express mine host's grief for the death of the Royal Martyr), and there they would spend the remainder of the day in conviviality. In music he had correct taste, and a profound knowledge of theory, and he was a performer at his own concerts

upon the viol da gamba. He could even tune the harpsichord to Handel's satisfaction, which is no ordinary testimonial to his skill.

It was these concerts more than all else in his eventful life that made Thomas Britton famous. There were concerts in London before his, given by Banister, the violinist, and one or two others, but they were of a low order of tavern concerts, in which the beer was bad and the music worse. Britton's concerts are the first of which we have any account, where the highest class of music was performed by the leading artists of the day; and to the coal man more than to any other musician of his era belongs the honor of having originated the chamber concert. In his time, however, it was a garret concert, for it was in his humble apartment over the coal shop that his musical meetings began in 1678, and were given every Thursday evening for nearly forty years. Hawkins, in his "History of Music," says: "From the year 1678, when he first began to entertain the public, to the time of his death in 1714, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, and the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility."

It is generally conceded that the idea of giving these concerts was first suggested to Britton by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a musical dilettante and indifferent

performer on the bass viol, who was famous also in a political way. He was a devoted follower of Charles the First, and was rewarded by that monarch with a commission — an unfortunate gift, as he soon afterwards fell into the hands of Cromwell's Rough Riders and was sentenced to be hanged. He was granted a long respite, however, and after passing four dismal years in Newgate prison, he made a personal appeal to Cromwell, who pardoned him; whereupon his enemies sneered at him as "Oliver's fiddler." After the Restoration he received some trifling honors; but at last, disgusted with the mutability of a political career, he retired to private life and devoted himself to making bad translations, and to the monotonous solace of his viol.

For a long time the concerts were free. Although Britton provided the instruments and was at other considerable expense, he not only refused to take any gratuity from his guests, but was so offended at any such offer that the person making it rarely received a second invitation to the garret. Ward (already quoted), who had a knack of writing doggerel verse, thus alludes to the gratuitousness of the concerts:

"Upon Thursdays repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up, stair by stair.
But I pray you take care
That you break not your shins by a stumble;

And without e'en a souse
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble."

At one time Britton secured more commodious quarters for the concerts, but as the change was not conducive to success, he speedily returned to the garret, where, says Ward, "any Body that is willing to take a hearty Sweat may have the Pleasure of hearing some notable Performances of Musick." There were many who were willing. Of one of these concerts, given in 1712, two years before Britton's death, Thoresby says in his diary:

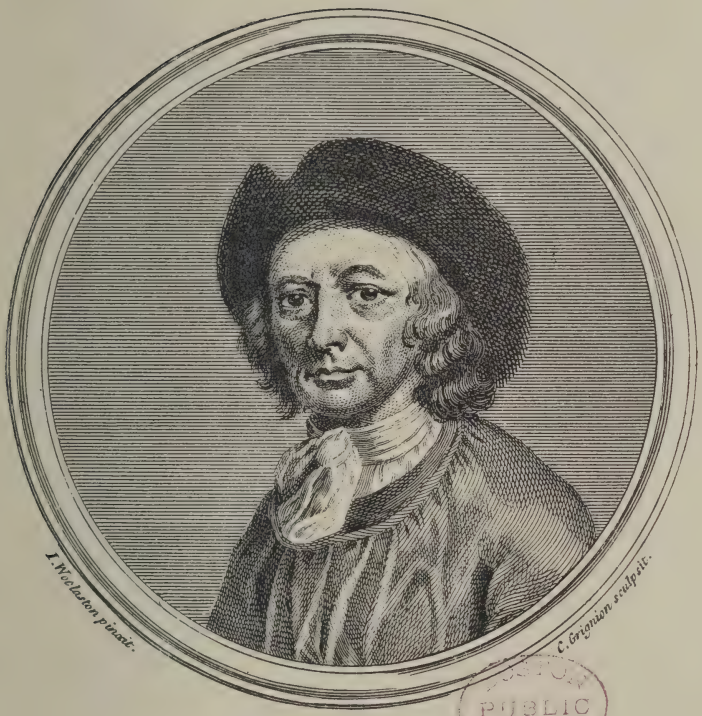
"In our way home called at Mr. Britton's, the noted small-coals man, where we heard a noble concert of music, vocal and instrumental, the best in the town, which for many years past he has had weekly for his own entertainment and of the gentry, etc., gratis; to which most foreigners of distinction for the fancy of it occasionally resort."

The word "gratis" indicates that at that time, thirty-four years after they were established, the concerts were free, but Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painters," speaking of Woolaston, the artist, who painted the portraits of Britton, mentions the concerts and says that the subscription price was ten shillings a year, and that the guests were served with coffee at a

penny a dish; which shows that for a time Britton was obliged to charge a small admission to defray his expenses.

No record has been preserved of the various artists who appeared in these garret concerts during the thirty-six years in which they were given, but some of the most eminent who played in them during the first two or three years are known. They were a goodly company. At the head of the list stands the name of Handel, who performed upon the harpsichord and a small organ in Britton's possession. One can imagine the choleric composer of "The Messiah" climbing that outside rickety staircase to the coal man's unpretentious salon, and fuming as he climbed, but soon forgetting his physical discomfort in learned discussion with his host, and in discourse of most excellent music. John Banister, the violinist and leader of Charles the Second's band of twenty-four violins, organized in imitation of the latest musical fad at the French Court, was a frequent performer. Doctor Pepusch, one of the most learned musicians of that period, the founder of the famous Academy of Ancient Music, and compiler of the tunes and writer of the symphonies in the "Beggar's Opera," which drove Handel's Italian operas out of the field, played a "Rucker's virginal, thought the best in Europe." One wonders if Britton's garret was not frequently the scene of quarrels

between testy Pepusch and irascible Handel, much to the disquiet of the mild-tempered coal man. Other musicians were Abel Whichel and Henry Symonds, both excellent violinists; Philip Hart, organist, bass singer, and gentleman of the Chapel Royal; Obadiah Shuttleworth, organist of the Temple Church; Henry Needler, the violinist, who first introduced the concertos of Corelli into England; and Matthew Dubourg, afterwards famous in England and France as a violinist. At this time he was a mere lad, and stood upon a chair to play, much abashed by the distinguished audience, and in special awe of the great Handel, who was bluntly honest in the expression of his likes and dislikes. Dubourg always had occasion to remember Handel. Years afterwards, when he had become famous, he introduced at a concert a cadenza of extraordinary length into the ritornello of an air he was playing, and at its close he was sarcastically greeted by Handel: "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg." Hughes, the poet, Woolaston, the painter, and many other professional celebrities were frequent guests, as well as many of the aristocratic set, headed by the celebrated court beauty, the Duchess of Queensberry. It was a curious spectacle, this, of poets, painters, composers, artists, aristocrats, and leaders of the *beau monde* climbing to the garret of a coal peddler and associating with him on terms of equality.



PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THOMAS BRITTON

A practical joke was played upon Britton at one of his concerts, which eventually led to his death. Role, a police magistrate, who was a regular attendant, called upon him one evening and brought with him a blacksmith, named Honeyman, who possessed extraordinary ventriloquial powers. As has already been intimated, the coal man, though an accomplished scholar, was exceedingly superstitious: he was fascinated by occultism, while he feared it. In the midst of the friendly conversation, a sepulchral voice was heard, as if in the air above them, announcing that Thomas Britton was doomed to die, and could escape only by falling on his knees and repeating the Lord's Prayer. The terrified man sank upon his knees and, with quivering voice and every appearance of extreme fright, said the prayer. The magistrate and the blacksmith went away, chuckling over the success of their joke. But that night poor Britton took to his bed in great mental as well as physical distress, and he died in a few days. He was buried October 1, 1714, in St. James's Churchyard, Clerkenwell, a large concourse of people attending the last rites; for the small-coals man was widely known in London. Those who had not attended his garret concerts had heard the music of his street cry. No monument or inscription of any kind marks his last resting-place; in which respect, however, Britton was no more neglected

than Sebastian Bach and Mozart. His friend Woolaston painted two portraits of him, which have been preserved. Below one of them is the verse by Hughes, which prefaces this sketch. Under the other, Prior wrote:

> "Though doomed to small coals, yet to arts allied;
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride,
> Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
> Beloved and honored by Apollo's train.
> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius in so dark a sphere.
> More of the man had probably been saved
> Had Kneller painted and had Vertue graved."

Britton had many friends and some enemies. The latter could not understand how a man who sold coal by day in the streets could consort with the Muses and associate with scholars and the nobility at other times; and hence in their small, malicious way they charged him with being a Jesuit, a negro, a Presbyterian (then a term of reproach), and a votary of the black arts. They alleged that he was an impostor and had seditious designs in his concerts; whereas he was a man of singular probity, humility, and simpleness of nature, extraordinary in his varied learning, unostentatious in its display, and with tastes above his condition in life, which he would not change. He undoubtedly preferred to sell his coal to the last and remain independent rather than to degrade himself by

courting the favor or the gratuities of patrons. He sold coal for the living which these wealthy patrons would have been glad to give him. He loved art for art's sake; and though of the lowest, he was peer of the highest, as Nature's nobleman.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS.

MUSIC AND RELIGION

MUSIC AND RELIGION

No art, I believe, affords such strong evidence of the spiritual in man as music, and there is no art that requires so exclusively means that are purely intellectual and ethereal. The intuition of what is highest and holiest, of the intelligent Power which enkindles the spark of life in all nature, is audibly expressed in musical sound. Hence music and song are the utterance of the fullest perfection of existence — praise of the Creator.

ERNST HOFFMAN'S "Serapions Brüder."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE in his "Religio Medici" (1642) quaintly says: "Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church musick. For myself, not only from my Catholick obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers; it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God, — such a melody to the

ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding." Sir Thomas recognized music wherever there was harmony, order, or proportion, and that musician alone was harmonious to him who produced "the harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God." Would the five most eminent of the world's composers — Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven — have satisfied the great English philosophical doctor's test of the musician? A fitting answer to the question necessitates inquiry into the religious principles of each; and such inquiry will demonstrate that each, in his own way, had implicit trust in Divinity, and that in their hours of greatest need all turned to an overruling Providence for relief and solace.

Of these five composers, Sebastian Bach was the most deeply religious. In no other composer does music give such clear evidence of the spiritual. To him it was a religious cult. Music to Bach, as Cardinal Newman in one of his Oxford University sermons eloquently said, was "the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound, an echo from our Home, the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes."

Veit Bach, the founder of the family, was a zealous Lutheran who had suffered persecution for his faith

in Hungary and fled to Wechmar, in Thuringia, his native place, that he might worship God in peace. His adherence to Protestantism characterized all his successors. Throughout Sebastian Bach's long career his genius was devoted almost exclusively to the enrichment of the music of the church. His "Passions-Musik," the Christmas Oratorio, the Majestic Mass in B minor, and the extraordinary number of cantatas, motets, magnificats, psalms, litanies, offertories, chorales, and hymns which he wrote for church service, while cantor of St. Thomas, testify to his profound religious feeling. He took all that Protestant and Catholic composers had achieved in the years preceding him and moulded it into perfect form,—so perfect that, as Naaman says: "During the century and a half that has elapsed since the creation of his most powerful compositions none of the great masters has produced any work which surpasses what he did; and only twice during that long period of a hundred and fifty years can it be said that he has been equalled, viz., by Mozart in his 'Requiem' and by Beethoven in the 'Missa Solennis.'"

In creed Bach was a Lutheran, and he was devotedly loyal to the great founder of his church. In spirit he was a simple, earnest Christian. Some critics have asserted that he was a pietist; but there is no foundation for such an assertion. It was during

his period that the great conflict raged between pietism and the old Lutheran orthodoxy. But while Bach was never a partisan, he was too well grounded in that orthodoxy to be disturbed by the storm raging about him. His music of itself is a sufficient reply to the statement. He developed church music as an art, and in his production of new forms did not hesitate to borrow from the operatic school, which the pietists regarded as profane. Spitta says on this point: "If all that pietism held of beauty, goodness, and truth was most purely embodied — even at that time, perhaps — in Bach's music, this could only be because its creator was no pietist. Not indeed that this could have been the case if he had been sternly opposed to pietism; but this in fact can never have been the case. His religious standpoint was, above all contentions, something more catholic and sublime, as became so catholic a genius." Bach's religion was not the outcome of any mental struggle, but was natural and inborn. He never abandoned the tenets of his forbears. That he read the works of the pietists is shown by his possession of some of them, but the principal volumes in his theological library were those of Luther and of old Lutheran divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His religion was of the most cheerful kind, which the pietist doctrine certainly was not. The little book entitled "The Well-tem-

pered Clavier," which he prepared together with his second wife Anna Magdalena, bears witness to the cheerfulness of his religion, for inside its cover is written in his own hand, "Anti Calvinismus und Christen Schule item anti Melancholicus." No dry Calvinism, no sorrows of the "Christian school," no melancholy, in the musical instruction of Anna Magdalena! How Bach's music was dominated by religion is conclusively shown in the second section of his "Elementary Instruction in Figured Bass," in which he says:

"Figured Bass is the whole foundation of the music, and is played with both hands in such a manner that the left hand plays the notes written down, while the right adds in consonances or dissonances, the result being an agreeable harmony to the glory of God and justifiable gratification of the senses; for the sole end and aim of general bass, like that of all music, should be nothing else than God's glory and pleasant recreations. Where this object is not kept in view there can be no true music, but an infernal scraping and bawling."

The deathbed of the great founder of modern music bears the clearest testimony to the simplicity and strength of his Christian faith. A short time before his death he had been striving to complete a chorale, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein" ("Lord, when we are in direst need"). Upon his deathbed he dictated the changes to his son-in-law and altered the

title to "Vor deinen Thron tret ich hiermit" ("Before thy throne with this I come"). It was the last utterance of the old cantor of St. Thomas, who signed all his sacred compositions "Soli Deo gloria" ("To God alone be glory").

Was Handel a religious man? Not in the strict sense of the term which implies acceptance of a creed and living up to its doctrine. In his active life his religious sentiments were not conspicuous, and yet most persons will agree with Dr. Beattie that the man who could write "The Messiah" must have been pious. His mother, Dorothea, the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, was a woman of deep piety and intimately acquainted with the Scriptures. That the influence of her religious teaching upon Handel was abiding is shown by the fact that when in after years efforts were made both in Rome and in London to induce him to change his faith, his answer invariably was that he had resolved to die a member of that communion in which he had been born and bred, whether its doctrines were true or false. Yet, as Hawkins says, "he was not such a bigot as to decline a general conformity with that of the country which he had chosen for his residence." His accurate knowledge of the Scriptures was also due to his mother's early teaching. He often declared it was a great pleasure to him to set Scriptural passages to

music, and that the Psalms had contributed greatly to his happiness. He was even jealous of the bishops when they sent him words for his anthems, as it implied ignorance of the sacred text on his part. To one of them he said: "I have read my Bible; I shall choose for myself."

In his active life, though he was brusque and sometimes profane of speech and often gave way to uncontrollable fits of passion, he had the highest reverence for religion. He was a man of honor, integrity, and blameless morals. Burney, who knew him, says: "His smile was like heaven;" and Hawkins, who also knew him, says: "His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity attempered with benevolence and every quality of the heart that has a tendency to beget confidence and assure esteem." Dr. Beattie well said that the man who could write "The Messiah" must have been pious. During its composition a friend who visited him found him sobbing as he was writing the majestic aria, "He was despised and rejected of men." When complimented by Lord Kinnoul, after its first London performance, upon "the noble entertainment" he had given the people, Handel replied: "My Lord, I should be sorry if I only entertained them. I wish to make them better." When questioned by a friend as to his feelings during the com-

position of the "Hallelujah Chorus," he said in his imperfect English: "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself." The last performance of "The Messiah" which the great master attended was given April 5, 1759. Though at that time blind and physically enfeebled, he played the organ accompaniment. As the triumphant strains of the great "Hallelujah" rose in impressive volume and to the pealing of his organ the voices in splendid harmony proclaimed, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," was the Deity again visible to his sightless eyes?

As Handel neared the close of his life, he was weighed down with physical infirmities, but he cheerfully submitted to the will of Providence. Hawkins says: "For the last two or three years of his life he was used to attend divine service in his own parish Church of St. George, Hanover Square, where, during the prayers, the eyes that at this instant are employed in a faint portrait of his excellencies, have seen him on his knees, expressing by his looks and gesticulations the utmost fervor of devotion." Some days before his death he expressed the wish that he might die on Good Friday "in hopes of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Savior, on the day of His resurrection." The pious wish was granted him. He died on Good Friday, April 14, 1759. A letter

written by James Smyth to Bernard Granville, the latter an intimate friend of Handel who was absent from London at the time of his death, says:

"He took leave of all his friends on Good Friday morning and desired to see nobody but the doctor and apothecary and myself. At seven o'clock in the evening he took leave of me and told me we should meet again. As soon as I was gone he told his servant not to let me come to him any more, for that he had now done with the world. He died as he lived, a good Christian with a true sense of his duty to God and man and in perfect charity with all the world."

Haydn's religion was simple and childlike, the reflection of an ingenuous, sweet, and confiding nature. His father, a wheelwright, and his mother, a cook in a noble family, were of the Roman Catholic communion. The mother intended him for the priesthood, and from his earliest years was assiduous in his religious teaching; but when she discovered the signs of his genius, she reluctantly gave him to music. In his old age he said: "Almighty God, to whom I render thanks for all His unnumbered mercies, gave me such facility in music that by the time I was six years of age I stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir." At an early period in his career he said to a friend: "I know that God has bestowed a talent upon me, and I thank Him for it." In those days whenever his imagination failed him or

difficulties arose in his way, he ran over his rosary and looked heavenward for inspiration.

Haydn was dragooned into marriage at an early age with the daughter of one Keller, a wig-maker with whom he boarded. The crafty Keller, who was aware of Haydn's talent, convinced him that it was his duty to marry, and offered him the younger of his two daughters, who would have made him an excellent wife. Haydn, however, with the usual perversity of lovers, preferred the elder, whereupon the younger one betook herself to a convent. Never was there a more ill-assorted match; for his wife was not only a religious bigot, but a shrew. His life with her was a severe strain upon his religious principles. The house was the resort of priests and monks, whom she entertained while the unfortunate composer was kept above stairs writing motets and masses for them without pay; the good of his soul, as they and his wife declared, being sufficient recompense. When the situation at last became intolerable he consoled himself with the company of another, who did not take such an exasperating view of his genius. But all the world has overlooked "Papa" Haydn's divergence from the path of duty which it was so difficult for him to follow. While he at no time expressed regret for his conduct, it did not disturb his religious principles. The wig-maker's daughter finally died, much to his relief. The

other lady was his constant friend and exercised a potent influence in shaping his career. He frequently sought her advice, submitted to her judgment, and found in her companionship not only inspiration for his work but a refuge from the infelicity of his domestic environment.

Haydn's faith in God was implicit. No doubts ever troubled his childlike soul. He was strict in the observance of all his religious duties, and his absolute belief in the Creator inspired him with a cheerfulness which is apparent in his compositions. When his friend Carpani once spoke to him of the gayety in his sacred works, Haydn replied: "I cannot help it, I give forth what is in me. When I think of the Divine Being, my heart is so full of joy that the notes fly off as from a spindle, and as I have a cheerful heart He will pardon me if I serve Him cheerfully." That his greatest oratorio, "The Creation," was the outcome of this cheerful service is evidenced by his remark: "When I was occupied upon 'The Creation,' always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise Him worthily." At his last appearance in public, upon the occasion of a performance of "The Creation," loving friends tenderly assisted the venerable composer to a seat upon the platform. At the words "And there was light," he was greatly overcome, and pointing up-

ward with trembling hand exclaimed, "It came from thence." His sacred works, like those of Bach, were dedicated to God. At the beginning of each one of them he wrote, "In nomine Dei" (In the name of God), or "Soli Deo Gloria" (To God alone be glory); and at the end, "Laus Deo" (Praise to God), sometimes adding the abbreviations, "et B. V. Mæ et om^{s} S^{ts}" (et Beatæ Virgini Mariæ et omnibus Sanctis — and to the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the Saints).

Mozart, like Haydn, was a member of the Roman Catholic communion. Like Haydn also, he was child-like and cheerful in the manifestation of his religious principles, absolute in his belief in a higher power, and always submissive to what he recognized as the will of an overruling Providence. His father never questioned the teachings of his church, and adhered strictly to its ordinances. In 1777 he wrote to his son: "I must wish you all happiness on your name day, but what can I wish for you now more than I always wish for you? I wish that the favor of God may everywhere accompany you, that it may never leave or forsake you; and it never will leave you if you are careful to fulfil those duties incumbent on every true Catholic." He attended mass and the confession regularly, and accustomed his children to do the same. Brought up in such an atmosphere, it is not remark-

able that Mozart throughout his all too brief life exhibited an unaffected piety; and this was never more deep and earnest than when it concerned domestic affairs.

The letters of Mozart furnish the most striking illustrations of his religious nature. None of the great composers has written letters which more clearly indicate character. While they reflect his sanguine disposition, his merry humor and love of jest, and his almost invariable light-heartedness, they also abound in religious allusions and earnest thoughts, which show the influence of his early teachings. He writes from Bologna (1770): "The will of God is always best; and God certainly knows better than we do whether it is most for our good to be in this world or in the next"; and from Milan, in the same year, to his father, "Pray to God that my opera (Mitridate) may be successful." From Augsburg (1777) he again writes to his father:

"Do not be uneasy on my account, for I always have God before my eyes. I acknowledge His omnipotence, I dread His wrath; but I also know His love, His compassion and mercy toward His creatures, and that He never will forsake His servants. When His will is done I am resigned; so I can never fail to be happy and contented."

Upon several other occasions he gives expression to his religious feeling, and like Haydn, he looked up-

ward for help in his work. From Paris he writes: "I pray God daily for grace that I may steadfastly perform my appointed task and acquire honor for myself and glory for the whole German nation." About this time (1781) he must have received a letter from his father expressing anxiety about his views as to the future, for he writes to him: "Do I think that I have an immortal soul? Not only do I think it, but I believe it; for otherwise where would be the difference between man and beast?" His letter to his father upon the occasion of his mother's death in 1778, at which date he was in Paris, shows at the same time the sweetness of his nature and the deep earnestness of his religious feeling. He writes:

"God has called her to Himself. I clearly see that it was His will to take her from us, and I must learn to submit to the will of God. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. She is not lost to us forever. We shall see her again and live together far more happily and blessedly than in this world. The time as yet we know not, but that does not disturb me, when God wills it, I am ready."

But were there no other evidence of his deep religious convictions, his immortal Requiem would furnish proof that could not be questioned. It was written at a time when his mind was engrossed with thoughts of the hereafter. He composed it in obedience to what he recognized as a celestial voice, and

he knew it was his swan song. Life was never dearer to any man than to Mozart. He was only on the threshold of manhood and, grand as his achievements had been, there were more prizes to be won by his splendid genius. He had everything to live for,— friends, fame, fortune, and musical glory. And yet he calmly awaited his approaching fate, for eternity to him was a reality; and in no music is that reality more unmistakably expressed than in the Requiem, which occupied his thoughts until his eyes were closed in their last sleep. Its motives are consciousness of guilt and reconciliation with Heaven. Its spirit breathes in almost his last words to Constance, his wife: "The Lord, to whom I have drawn near in humble and childlike faith, suffered and died for me, and will receive me with love and compassion."

Beethoven has been variously described as a skeptic, an agnostic, a deist, and a pantheist; though his letters and the events of his life show conclusively that his three dominating traits were love of nature, attachment to man, and reverence for God. The Ninth Symphony is his direct acknowledgment of the divine existence. We know from his own words that its purpose was devotional as well as musical. Its spiritual message is the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

By religion Beethoven was a Roman Catholic, but his membership with that communion was only nominal, as he made no profession and subscribed to no established creed. He received the sacrament before he died; but as the priest left the apartment he said to those about him, "Plaudite, amici; comedia finita est" (Applaud, friends; the farce is finished), a philosophical bit of satire characteristic of him; not intended to apply to the office of the church, however, but to the close of the last act of life's drama. Though he had little in common with the forms of the church, he respected its rites. He used to say that there were two closed chapters — religion and thorough bass. He would never talk about either, and yet in the purity of his life, in his hatred of wrong, and in his exalted moral nature, he was a religious man. Moscheles probably hits near the truth in these words: "So far as my observation entitles me to form an opinion on the subject I should say he inclined to Deism, in so far as that term may be understood to imply natural religion, and that the two creeds were dearly prized treasures. He fervently believed in the omnipotence of the Creator and the inexhaustibility of nature." The "creeds" referred to were the following inscriptions from the temple of Isis, which he had written and which stood framed upon his desk:

"I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No man shall lift my veil."

"He is alone of Himself and to this One all things owe their existence."

Beethoven's absolute acknowledgment of the Divine Being is shown by these extracts from his letters at different periods.

From the famous letters to his brothers Carl and Johann (1802):

"God looks into my heart. He searches it and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there."

To Bettina Brentano (1811):

"What can I tell you about myself? I can only cry aloud with Joan, 'Pity my fate.' If I am spared a few years longer, I will thank the Almighty, accepting joy and sorrow as it shall please Him to ordain it."

To Schott (1824):

"The overture which I sent has just been performed at Vienna. I was overwhelmed with praise for it. But what are all human efforts compared with the works of the great Master above the clouds? We are all dwarfs, even the greatest upon this earth, beside the Omnipotent."

Beethoven's great love of nature, which is clearly to be inferred from the last extract, is also declared in a letter to Baroness von Drossdich (1809): "What hap-

piness I shall feel in wandering among groves and woods and among trees and plants and rocks! No man on earth can love the country as I do. Thickets, trees, and rocks supply the echo man longs for." Reliance upon divine power for the future, and upon the native power of the mind for human guidance, were strong characteristics of Beethoven. When Moscheles returned the score of "Fidelio," which he had arranged for the piano at the composer's request, he wrote upon it, "Finished with Heaven's help." Beethoven returned it to him with these words appended: "Man, help thyself." Is not human independence the motive of the Fifth Symphony, as love of nature is of the Sixth, love of life of the Seventh, and the omnipotence of the Creator and nobility of humanity of the Ninth?

In one of his last letters (to Moscheles, 1827) written in a tremulous hand, he says: "I was operated on for the fourth time on the 27th of February and now symptoms evidently exist which show that I must expect a fifth operation. What is to be done? Mine has indeed been a hard doom; but I resign myself to the decrees of fate, and only constantly pray to God that His holy will may ordain that while thus condemned to suffer death in life, I may be shielded from want, and that the Almighty will give me strength to endure my lot, however severe and terrible, with resig-

nation to His will." These are not the words of a skeptic, or an agnostic, or a mystic optimist, as some have called Beethoven, but of one who feared God and loved his fellow-man.

Surely in the works of the five greatest masters of music there is something of "divinity more than the ear discovers," "an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world."

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word and recommend our prayers.

From Addison's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

THE FIRST AMERICAN COMPOSER

THE FIRST AMERICAN COMPOSER

> All who practise Divine Music must allow it to be the Gift of God, as a true Representative of the sweet Content and Harmony which his infinite Wisdom hath made, in the Creation and Administration of the World, and given to us as a temporal Blessing, both for his Service and also for our own Delight and Recreation. And since this noble and delightful Art can enable us to sing our Maker's Praise, how much ought we to endeavour to attain to the true Knowledge of it !
>
> *Preface to Tansur's "Compleat Melody: or, the Harmony of Sion"* (1743).

TO William Billings, a good tanner, good patriot, and good Christian, of Boston, Massachusetts, self-taught and self-made, belongs the high honor of being the first to compose music in the United States. To this sturdy eighteenth-century Yankee must also be ascribed the paternity of the church choir, the singing-school, and the secular concert in this country. Crude as his compositions were, and violating, as they did, all the conventional laws of harmony, they nevertheless were so infused with vigor, enthusiasm, and tunefulness that some of them have survived to the present

time, holding their places persistently in the multitudinous modern psalmody. Rugged in style, imperfect in harmony, unpolished in composition as they are, they must ever command respect as the beginnings of American music and as a type of the same patriotism which inspired the men of Boston to throw the tea into their harbor. For Billings's sacred music was the first protest against the English psalmody, which had been in use for nearly a century and a half.

Prior to the time of Billings, English psalm books, or books compiled from them, had been in constant use. The Puritans undoubtedly brought with them the collections of Ainsworth and possibly the Ravenscroft psalter. The psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins was also used in some places; but all of these were gradually displaced by the Bay Psalm Book, the second book printed in the colonies, which was issued in 1640. This, however, was purely English, the tunes having been compiled by a number of clergymen from Playford's "Introduction to Skill of Musick and Whole Book of Psalms." Various editions of this work appeared during the next sixty years. Then followed a long list of psalm books, the most notable of which were the Tubbs' Collections, also compiled from Playford (1714); "The Grounds and Rules of Music," by the Rev. Thomas

Walker, of Roxbury, Mass., which had the ponderous indorsement of Increase and Cotton Mather and other divines (1721); Tansur's "Compleat Melody: or, the Harmony of Sion," and "The Universal Harmony," reprinted by Thomas and Daniel Bailey of Newburyport, Mass., then a great publishing centre (1755); "The Urania," published at Philadelphia (1761); the "Collection of Psalm Tunes" made by Josiah Flagg, notable not only because it was the first book printed upon paper made in the colonies, but also because the engraving was the work of the patriot Paul Revere, who afterwards made the memorable ride to Concord (1764); "The American Harmony" published by Daniel Bailey of Newburyport (1769); and "The New Universal Psalmodist," compiled by Aaron Williams (1763).

It was in the year 1770 that William Billings declared American musical independence. He was at that time in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and engaged in the tanning business in Boston. He had a common-school education, and showed an early inclination toward music; but in this art he was self-taught, his only sources of knowledge being the labored and often incorrect musical grammars that prefaced the English psalters. His studio was the tannery, and upon its walls as well as upon the hides he wrote his first music with chalk. He knew noth-

ing of counterpoint, and little about the laws of harmony; but his stirring hymns, anthems, and lyrics had a virility, sonority, and native quality which made them superior to the transplanted English music, in effect if not in learning. He employed his talent with equal assiduity in the service of the Church and of the State. That sturdy patriot, Samuel Adams, was his intimate friend. Edward Everett says of Adams: "His only relaxation from business and the cares of life was in the indulgence of a taste for sacred music for which he was qualified by the possession of a most angelic voice and a soul solemnly impressed by religious sentiment." Billings and Adams were *par nobile fratrum.* They often sang together in the choir to the accompaniment of the bass viol, which Billings first introduced in the service. The joint performance, however, must have been more impressive by its earnestness than by its mellifluousness; for whereas Adams had "a most angelic voice," Billings had a rasping voice which refused to blend with any other in the choir. It was also so stentorian that the other singers could barely hear their own voices. But this did not prevent them from singing with enthusiastic effort those hymns of Billings which were of a religio-patriotic character, and many of them were of that kind. One in particular, set to the tune of "Chester," was a great favorite with

Samuel Adams, as it was surcharged with the spirit of the time. It runs:

"Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not, we'll trust in God:
New England's God forever reigns.

"The foe comes on with haughty stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our arms,
And generals yield to beardless boys."

"Chester," like many others of his patriotic compositions, was soon a favorite lyric at every fireside as well as in the camps. Thus the father of the town-meeting and the father of American psalmody — the one with his persuasive voice, the other with his persuasive music — inflamed the New England patriots.

During a period of twenty-four years Billings published six collections or works of music, nearly all of the tunes in which were of his own composition. They are as follows: "The New England Psalm Singer" (1770); "The Singing Master's Assistant" (1778); "Music in Miniature" (1779); "The Psalm Singer's Amusement" (1781); "The Suffolk Harmony" (1786); and "The Continental Harmony" (1794). A few anthems complete the list of his published works.

The "New England Psalm Singer" appeared Oc-

tober 7, 1770, and its reception was most flattering to the author and somewhat turned his head; but for his vanity he afterwards was honest enough to apologize. In describing the effect of his music, for instance, he says:

"It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory, the audience entertained and delighted, their minds surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part, and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, — next, the manly tenor; now, the lofty counter, — now the volatile treble. Now here, — now there, — now here again. O, ecstatic! Rush on, ye sons of harmony!"

Before many years Billings changed his opinion, as will be seen. The title-page of "The New England Psalm Singer" is characteristic of the author. It reads as follows:

"The New England Psalm Singer; or, American Chorister, Containing a number of Psalm-tunes, Anthems and Canons, in four or five parts, (never before published). Composed by William Billings, a native of Boston, in New England. Matt: 12, 16 'Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast thou perfected praise.' James 5, 13. 'Is any merry? let him sing Psalms.'

O, praise the Lord with one consent
And in this grand design
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously jine.

Boston: New England. Printed by Edes and Gill."

Though Billings modestly writes himself down as "babe and suckling," he vaunted himself not a little over his musical first-born, and the value he set upon his music is not inaptly expressed in his invitation to Great Britain and the Colonies to "jine" in singing it. "Jine" was Boston vernacular then, as it sometimes is now, and makes his rhyme more perfect. When, eight years later, however, his "Singing Master's Assistant" appeared, he expressed his disapproval of the earlier work and made the following almost abject apology for the crudity of its contents:

"Kind reader, no doubt you remember that about ten years ago I published a book entitled 'The New England Psalm Singer,' and truly a most masterly performance I then thought it to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this my infant production! 'Welcome, thrice welcome thou legitimate offspring of my brain; go forth, my little book, go forth and immortalize the name of your author. May your sale be rapid and may you speedily run through ten thousand editions.' Said I: 'Thou art my Reuben, my first born, the beginning of my Strength, the Excellency of my Dignity and the Excellency of my Power.' But to my great mortification, I soon discovered it was Reuben in the sequel and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection."

While this book, which was called "Billings's Best," was an improvement upon the first one and achieved great popularity, being used not only in church but

carried by the soldiers from camp to camp, "Reuben" to-day will be held in higher respect as the original work in American psalmody, the emancipator of the colonists from English musical traditions, and the predecessor of a long line of psalm books, many of which are still doing useful duty in choir lofts. That Billings was conscious of his own limitations is shown by the naïve manner in which he declines to set forth rules for composition. The English psalm books were filled with instructions of the most pedantic kind, but Billings was honest enough to take nature for his guide. Indeed he had no other, for his musical knowledge was sadly deficient. As to this he says, with a sly sense of humor:

"Nature is the best dictator; for all the hard-studied rules ever prescribed will not enable any one to form an air, any more than knowing the twenty-four letters will enable a scholar to write poetry. Nature must do the work; so, in fact, I think it is best for every composer to be his own carver. Therefore for me to dictate or pretend to prescribe rules for others would be a very great piece of vanity."

Billings made his music as many New England housewives made their dishes, for which they could not give a receipt — they had the knack. His sense of humor was displayed on several occasions, and his physical appearance served to emphasize it. He was a bundle of deformities; he was blind in one eye, one

leg was shorter than the other, and one of his arms was shrunken; and these physical eccentricities were matched by mental qualities equally eccentric, oddity of humor being one of the most conspicuous. In all his traits of character save laziness he was a Sam Lawson, and was as well known in Boston streets as Mrs. Stowe's hero in Old Town and Newburyport. Nature seems to have given many of her human deformities an exceptional sharpness and keen sense of the ludicrous to compensate for their physical defects. He was as realistic in his way as Richard Strauss in a symphonic poem; and Billings would have recognized in Strauss a kindred spirit. At one of his concerts, or "exhibitions," as they were called, the words "clap your hands" occurred in a piece to be sung, and Billings made the action suit the words by requesting his singers to clap their hands in time. At another, an anthem of his was performed which was introduced with the statement, "After the audience are seated and the performers taken their pitch *slyly* from the leader, the concert begins." The motive of his anthem is clearly expressed in the following doggerel verse:

> "We 've met for a concert of modern invention;
> To tickle the ear is our present intention.
> The audience seated, expecting to be treated
> With a piece of the best."

It is a far cry from the twentieth century back to the days of Billings, but there are still ears to be tickled and composers to tickle them. With all his love of sacred music and his apparent reverential feeling, he was not above paraphrasing a psalm now and then; as, for instance, the 137th, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down." When the British forces were camped at Boston and the Continentals at Watertown, he gave musical vent to his feelings with an astonishing production, beginning, "By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept when we remember thee, O Boston," and closing with the chorus:

"If I forget thee, O Boston,
Then let my numbers cease to flow,
Then be my muse unkind;
Then let my thoughts forget to move
And ever be confined.
Let horrid jargon split the air
And rive my nerves asunder;
Let hateful discords grate my ear,
As terrible as thunder."

Crowest in his "Anecdotes of Music" relates the following:

"On one occasion a wag sent a note to him requesting an interview to consult with him about a difficult question in music which, said the wag, no other man in Boston could answer. Billings was at the appointed place to the moment and said: 'Whatever your question may be, I pledge myself

to answer it, as there is nothing connected with the science which I have not mastered.' 'My question,' rejoined the wag, with the most serious face imaginable, 'is an important one, — indeed, it affects the whole world, and has never yet been answered.' 'Let me hear it,' said Billings, growing excited. 'It is this,' was the reply. 'When a man snores in his sleep through two octaves so that the whole house can hear it, do you consider the sounds produced to be vocal or instrumental?'"

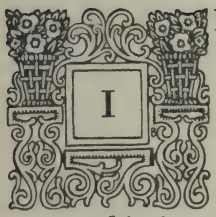
The rejoinder by Billings has not been preserved. It was a question which probably carried him beyond his musical depth. There was much in music which the father of American psalmody had not mastered, notwithstanding his ludicrous self-sufficiency. But much can be forgiven the man who chalked down "Jordan" and "Majesty" on the walls of his tannery.

William Billings died September 26, 1800, and, notwithstanding the vogue of his compositions, in indigent circumstances — a not uncommon fate of innovators. His affairs must have been at a low ebb many years previously, for in 1792 there appeared in the Massachusetts Magazine an advertisement announcing that a large committee had been selected by the musical societies of Boston to solicit the attention of the public to proposals for publishing a volume of original American music by him, the publication to consist of "a number of Anthems, Fuges and Psalm Tunes calculated for public social

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

I sing of sad discords that happened of late,
Of strange revolutions but not in the state ;
How old England grew fond of old tunes of her own
And her ballads went up and our opera down,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.
Old England's Garland ; or, the
Italian Opera's Downfall, 1730.



N the spring of 1726 Dean Swift came to England and took up his residence with Pope at his Twickenham villa. The poet Gay was also a frequent visitor there and was on terms of intimacy with both. The satirical Dean, by the law of contrasts, liked Gay for his good nature, while Pope was under obligations to him for his assistance in settling his famous quarrel with Addison. The casual suggestion made by the Dean to Gay upon one occasion, "What an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make," was the inspiration that led to his writing the Beggar's Opera — a musical hodge-podge which achieved a success unparalleled in the records of the operatic stage, drove even the great Handel from the field of

Italian opera, revolutionized the popular musical taste of England, and held the stage for more than a century in spite of the sneers of critics and the denunciations of moralists. The Dean's suggestion commended itself to Gay, but it finally took shape in his mind as a musical comedy rather than a pastoral, the germ of which he undoubtedly found in a comedy entitled "A Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars," written by Richard Brome and produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1708. His immediate motive in writing the work, which is mainly a satire upon the venality of politicians and the corruptness of courtiers, was unquestionably to gratify his revenge for the tender to him of the position of gentleman usher to the Princess Louise, which he regarded as a personal affront. He preferred, as he expressed it, to "live upon his friends,"—an office which he performed faithfully, until his large and unexpected royalties from the Beggar's Opera performances relieved them from that burden.

When the work was completed, Gay showed it to Swift, who was at first dissatisfied because it was not in the form he had suggested. Subsequently, a few alterations having been made by the Dean and Pope, he approved of it, though neither of them thought it would succeed. Their doubt was strengthened by the yea and nay opinion of Congreve, to whom they

JOHN GAY

showed it, that "it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." When the musical setting was finished it was tendered to Colley Cibber, manager of Drury Lane, who read it and promptly declined to produce it. It was afterwards offered to Rich, manager of the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who believed it might succeed, and who had none of the scruples against its immorality which had determined the decision of Cibber. He accepted it, and brought it forward in performance, January 29, 1728. Its success far exceeded his expectations. On the thirty-sixth night of its representation his profits were twenty thousand dollars, and by his author's rights Gay was in possession of ten thousand dollars. "It made Rich gay and Gay rich," said a clever wag.

The first night was a memorable occasion. The theatre was crowded with fashionable persons who had deserted the Italian opera. The titled dignitaries were there, though the king and his court did not attend until later in the season. Pope, Swift, and other literary friends of the author were in the audience. The Duke of Argyll was in his box; and before the first act was ended Gay was encouraged by overhearing him say: "It will do; it must do. I see it in the eyes of them." Sir Robert Walpole, whom Gay had often satirized before, was there, likewise his antagonist, Lord Townshend, and in the

quarrel scene between Peachum and Lockit they recognized a travesty of their own quarrel but a short time before. Sir Robert Walpole also knew that his own corrupt practices in the management of the majority in the House of Commons were satirized in the dialogue, and when Lockit sang:

> "When you censure the age
> Be cautious and sage
> Lest the courtiers offended should be.
> If you mention vice or bribe
> 'T is so fit to all the tribe,
> Each cries, 'That was levelled at me.'"

Walpole had the tact not to manifest displeasure. On the contrary he laughed immoderately and called for an encore, but it was observed that he did not attend the theatre afterwards, and soon introduced a bill in Parliament to curb the license of dramatic authors. The Earl of Sandwich was also in the audience; and when Macheath exclaimed, "But that Jemmy Twitcher should peach surprises me," he knew that the reference was to himself and a reflection upon his private life; and the Earl, who has come down to fame as the inventor of the sandwich, was unhappy. The success of the opera was doubtful until the opening of the second act. The chorus "Let us take the road" created a furor, and from that number to the close the enthusiasm increased, though

Boswell, upon Quin's authority, asserts that it was not until Polly makes her appeal for the life of Macheath —

> "For on the rope that hangs my dear
> Depends poor Polly's life" —

that the success of the opera was apparent. Gay's friends were delighted. Swift wrote to him: "The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver. I hope to see Pope's Dulness (the original title of the Dunciad) knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it has fully done its job." There was no "job," however, in the Beggar's Opera in the sense intended by Swift. Gay had no other motive then to resent his snub at court and no higher purpose than to secure money for his own pleasuring. He succeeded in both. He had ample reprisal for his wounded vanity and money enough to entertain his friends in a round of conviviality that undoubtedly shortened his own life.

The new ballad opera became the rage at once. Its songs were heard in every drawing-room and caught up by strolling street performers. The ballads of the day celebrated it, and poets recited its phenomenal success and hailed the advent of a national art. They were not far out of the way; for England from that time to this has been a ballad-loving nation. Its songs were printed upon fans, and scenes from it were

painted on screens, furniture, and bric-à-brac. Hogarth, himself the rage at that time, not alone painted the portrait of Lavinia Fenton, the principal singer, but produced three elaborate sketches — the first a representation of the scene in the cell where Polly pleads for the life of Macheath; the second a large plate representing the performance of this scene by the five principal characters; and the third a burlesque of the performance of the Beggar's Opera and of a rehearsal of Italian Opera, with the lines:

> "Britons attend — view the harmonious stage
> And listen to those notes which charm the age.
> Thus shall your taste in sounds and sense be shown
> And Beggar's Opera ever be your own."

The furors of the fickle public are always short-lived, but the "Beggar's Opera" survived the first phenomenal acclaim and retained the public favor for more than a century. It ran sixty-three nights in its first season, as well as twenty nights in Dublin; but sixty years later its performance in Ireland was prohibited. It had another long run the next season in London, and was also heard in Scotland and Wales and in most of the provincial towns in England. In 1744 it figured in the fierce rivalry between Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In 1777, Thomas Linley, the opera composer, and father of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, enriched and amplified the score by

adding harmonies and orchestral accompaniments to the songs; and in the same year Mrs. Kennedy, a pupil of Dr. Arne, created a sensation by appearing in the rôle of Captain Macheath. She scored a success, which she was not able to do in female parts by reason of her plain face and poor figure. As late as 1856, one hundred and twenty-eight years after its first performance, it was on the bills of Sadlers Wells Theatre, London.

The story of the Beggar's Opera is a revolting one, but it has the merit of being outspoken. Vice is not made attractive by suggestion or insinuation. Opinions concerning its morality differed at the time of its first production. Swift asserted that it held vice up in an odious light. Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, on the other hand, said that he "expected a fresh cargo of highwaymen, as upon every successive season of the performance from the first representation of the piece there had been a proportionate number of highwaymen brought to his office, as the books would testify." He also wrote to Garrick and Colman, managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, asking them not to produce it for this reason. Garrick consented, but Colman persisted in giving it. Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, claimed that it gave "encouragement not only to vice but to crime, by making a highwayman the hero and dismissing him

at last unpunished"; for which utterance Dean Swift characterized him in his usual caustic manner as "a stupid, injudicious, and prostitute divine." Dr. Johnson summed it up in his usual ponderous fashion: "There is in it such a labefaction of all principles as to be injurious to morality." George Hogarth, writing a century later, condemned it as a display of different forms of depravity, and pronounced every character except Polly vicious and debased. The English people, however, have always been loyal to this opera, and when, in 1777, one Captain Thompson changed the plot, and made Macheath promise Polly he would reform, the audience hissed the performance. It preferred Macheath unregenerate.

The character of Macheath, leader of a band of highwaymen, always eluding justice and admired of women, — a weakness of the sex not confined to the eighteenth century, — was intended for actor Quin; but his musical ability not being sufficient, Gay gave the rôle to one Thomas Walker, who was an excellent singer and a tolerable actor. This man possessed also a sly humor, as was evidenced by his reply to Rich, the manager, who had censured him for making a slip on the fifty-third performance: "Good God, sir, would you have a man remember a thing forever?" The rôle was also a favorite one with Incledon, one of the most accomplished singers of his time. Whatever

may have been the influence of the opera upon the public, there is no doubt that it was most unfortunate for Walker; he attained great celebrity, but it turned his head. His success led him into all sorts of dissipation, ending in his premature death.

Far otherwise was the outcome of the career of Lavinia Fenton, who created the part of that paragon of virtue, Polly. Though at the outset an ordinary actress with a good singing voice, playing for Rich at fifteen shillings a week, she had not appeared many times in the Beggar's Opera before she attracted a crowd of admirers, among them the Duke of Bolton, with whom she eloped. The Duke's wife was disobliging enough to live for twenty-three years after the elopement. Lavinia meanwhile enjoyed four hundred pounds a year, which the Duke had settled upon her, and upon the death of the wife she married him and became Duchess of Bolton. No actress or singer since her time has created such a sensation. Gay himself wrote to Swift he was in doubt whether her fame did not surpass that of the opera. Every night the gilded youth of London escorted her home from the theatre.. Her pictures were posted everywhere. Many lives of her were written. Letters and verses in her honor were published. Numerous pamphlets appeared, containing her sayings and witticisms. She was the toast at every banquet. This among men.

Her costumes displaced those from France and set the fashion for London — no mean tribute to her influence over women. It is one of the most curious features of all this sensation that she was not a beauty, though she had a good figure, and that she was not a great singer and only a fair actress. She seems to have made her success quite as much by her wit, good sense, and winning ways as by her musical or dramatic ability. It was by her cleverness that she infatuated the Duke of Bolton and held him captive for twenty-three years, finally reaching the summit of her ambition. Henry Carey writes of her;

"She has fired the town, has quite cut down
The Opera of Rulli;
Go where you will, the subject still
Is pretty, pretty Polly.
There's Madame Faustino, Catso,
And else Madame Cutsoni,
Likewise Signor Senesino,[1]
Are tutti abbandoni."

The Beggar's Opera is purely a ballad opera, and though not the first, is so conspicuous that it may be set down as the original source of English opera. It includes sixty-nine of the most popular English and Scotch ballad and dance tunes, arranged and scored by Dr. John Christopher Pepusch, a Berliner, who

[1] Handel's Italian artists.

came to England shortly after the Revolution. He had had long experience in arranging music for the theatre, had taken the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, and was also chapel-master for the Duke of Chandos. He was unquestionably a skilful and well-educated musician, though Handel despised him for his pedantry. This personal manifestation Pepusch returned in kind, not only by hearty dislike of Handel, but by coolly appropriating the latter's march in "Rinaldo" for use in the vulgar business of the Beggar's Opera. The songs were not all written by Gay. Lord Chesterfield, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Dean Swift, Mr. Fortesque, Master of the Rolls, and other versifiers contributed; and old operas as well as ballad tunes were levied upon for music — notably Purcell's "Prophetess," text by Dryden. This ballad air, which had done duty for thirty years to the words, "What shall I do to show how much I love her," became a favorite in the Beggar's Opera to the words "Virgins are like the fair Flower in its lustre."

"Polly," a sequel to the Beggar's Opera, also by Gay, and the music adapted and arranged by Dr. Pepusch, appeared in 1728, but the Lord Chamberlain forbade its performance. As the text is no more objectionable than that of its predecessor the statement is probably correct that it was suppressed be-

cause Gay was suspected of having written some seditious pamphlets. "Polly" was produced, however, fifty years later, and again at Drury Lane Theatre in 1813 for the benefit of Michael Kelly, the actor, author, and musician, but it failed. Horace Smith of "Rejected Addresses" altered its text, and new music was set for it, but to no purpose. "Polly" was shelved, but the Beggar's Opera continued on its triumphant career. It reached the United States in 1750, and was the first lyric drama ever presented in this country; for it was not until 1825 that Italian opera was introduced here by Manuel Garcia. For seventy-five years English ballad opera, introduced by Gay's famous production, was the vogue, and the best works of Bickerstaff, Dibdin, Sheridan, Linley, Storace, Shields, Arnold, Attwood, Kelly, and others, were heard repeatedly. Incledon, the great English basso, appeared in the Beggar's Opera in New York about the year 1818, but even his genius could not make it successful. A few years later another English troupe performed it, Mr. Horn taking the rôle of Macheath and Mrs. Austin that of Polly; and the public were more gracious. In 1840 Wood's English Opera Company produced it without success, but saved their season with "Somnambula" and Beethoven's "Fidelio." In 1852 the Pyne-Harrison Troupe gave a performance of it in Boston, but "the

Hub" would have none of it. In fact, it has never been successful in this country.

Whatever may be thought of the morale of the Beggar's Opera, its influence in the world of music in its day cannot be denied. It was not written, as some claimed, to satirize Italian opera, for it does not burlesque or even imitate it; but its effect was to destroy the taste for that school of opera, as Handel discovered when it had plunged him into serious financial difficulties. Swift stated the case thus from his point of view: "It exposeth with great justice that unnatural taste for Italian music among us which is wholly unsuitable to our northern climate," though subsequent operatic experiences in England do not confirm his statement. Dr. Arbuthnot came much nearer the truth in his declaration: "The Beggar's Opera is a touchstone to try British taste on; and it has proved effective in discovering our true inclinations, which however artfully they may have been disguised for a while, will, one time or another, start up and disclose themselves." There had been a few English operas before the Beggar's Opera, among them Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" (1675); Hughes and Galliard's "Calypso" (1712); and Carey's "Contrivances," a musical farce (1715), but none of them was a success and none had any influence on the music of their period. The Beggar's Opera, on the

other hand, was the precursor of a great multitude of similar operas, musical dramas, and ballad farces. They followed each other with bewildering rapidity, and all England became ballad mad. Gay and Pepusch prepared the way for Dibdin, Shield, Storace, Hook, and others, who in their turn prepared the way for Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren and Cowen, and later for Sullivan, that brilliant genius of musical comedy. It is a far cry from the unclean Beggar's Opera to the refined and melodious "Pinafore," "Patience," and "The Mikado;" but none the less the Beggar's Opera is indisputably the parent of English opera in all its forms.

Poor English mouths for twenty years
Have been shut up from music;
But, thank our stars, outlandish airs
At last have made you all sick.
Where warbling dames were all in flames
And for precedence wrangled,
One English play cut short the fray,
And home again they dangled.

Sweet sound on languid sense bestowed
Is like a beauty married
To the empty fop who talks aloud,
And all her charms are buried.
But late experience plainly shows
That common sense and a ditty
Have ravished all the belles and beaux
And charmed the chaunting City.

Epilogue to "Love in a Riddle."

THE FIRST OPERA

THE FIRST OPERA

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts not known before.

DRYDEN.

MEASURED by years we go back three hundred and two to reach the first opera. Measured by epochs in the history of this art-form, the way does not seem so long. We traverse the retrograde path from Wagner and Verdi to Rossini; from Rossini to Von Weber; from Von Weber to Beethoven; from Beethoven to Mozart; from Mozart to Gluck; from Gluck to Kaiser and Handel; from Kaiser and Handel to Rameau and Lully; from Rameau and Lully to Scarlatti; from Scarlatti to Monteverde. The next interval leads to Jacopo Peri of Florence, the creator of the Dramma per Musica, which through it evolutionary stages of Opera con Intermedii, Melodrama, Tragedia per Musica and Opera in Musica we now

know as the opera. There is a wide difference between the finished art-form of to-day and the crude form of that day known as the "Stile rappresentativo" and "Stile parlante," — the declamatory style, — and yet it is that style which is the germ of the idea insisted upon by Rameau, Gluck, and Wagner, and which contains all the essential elements of opera as we know it now.

Opera came in with the dawn of the seventeenth century. A few cantatas, monodies, madrigals, and dramas arranged to be sung and recited had been written in the sixteenth and even in the fifteenth century, but the genuine music-drama, with the recitative musically declaimed, belongs to the seventeenth.

There are few more interesting or significant events in musical history than the organization of the "Academy" in Florence at the close of the sixteenth century, which had for its purpose the revival of the lost art of declamation, supposed to have been used by the Greeks in their music, and the closer union of poetry and music. Its members were the leading composers, poets, artists, and *littérateurs* of the city, all of them disciples of the renaissance and enthusiastic classical scholars as well. The prominent leaders in the Academy were Giovanni Bardi, member of an old Tuscan family, a poet, composer, and patron

of the arts; Giacomo Corsi, artist and writer; Bernardo Strozzi, an eminent Dominican preacher; Vincenzo Galileo, father of the great astronomer, who had written melodies for a single voice and composed the scene of Count Ugolino in Dante's "Inferno," also some of the Lamentations of Jeremiah in this manner; Emilio del Cavaliere, the ducal superintendent of fine arts and the composer who laid the foundations of the oratorio in his sacred composition, "Dell' Anima e del Corpo"; Girolamo Mei, of whom little is known; Ottavio Rinuccini, the poet, a gay cavalier who was attached to the suite of Maria de' Medici after her marriage with Henry IV. of France and went to that country with her, where he sought to introduce the new opera; Giulio Caccini, famed both as singer and composer; and Jacopo Peri, the father of opera. These young men, who may be styled the promoters of opera, met regularly at the house of Messer Bardi, until he left Florence for court service, and thereafter at the Palazzo Corsi, where they discussed the classic art and sought to invent some form of melody by which words should be more intelligible, the structure of the verse retained, and varying shades of passion expressed more clearly and intelligently. They were searching in fact for the old Greek declamation. They did not find it, but they found the recitative, crude as it was, which is the basis of the lyric drama.

Up to this time Galileo had written the cantata, "Il Conte Ugolino," already referred to; Emilio del Cavalieri, three dramas, namely, "Il Satiro," "La Disperazione di Fileno," and "Il Giuoco della Cieca"; and Marenzo, "The Combat of Apollo with the Serpent," an arrangement for stage with chorus, the text by Rinuccini. These, however, were only approximations to the new style. When the time was ripe, the Academicians selected Rinuccini, the poet, and Peri, the composer, to set to music the story of Daphne. Rinuccini supplied the text from his "Combat of Apollo with the Serpent"; and Peri, aided by Caccini, furnished the music; and lo, the first opera which was wholly set to music and in which the dialogue was recited in musical tones. "Daphne" was performed privately at the Palazzo Corsi, and the scholars who heard it were satisfied that they had solved the classic problem. They little dreamed they had laid the foundation of a grand lyric art-form to endure for centuries after they were gone. The text and score of "Daphne" are lost, but fortunately both text and score of the succeeding opera, "Euridice," also by Peri and Rinuccini, have been preserved. The original edition, the only known copy in the world, may be seen at the Newberry Library in Chicago. It was the first opera ever publicly performed, the occasion being the wedding

ceremony of Maria de' Medici and Henry IV., of France in 1600. It was entitled "Euridice, una Tragedia per Musica." Rinuccini, in his dedication of the poem to the queen, says:

"It has been the opinion of many persons, most excellent queen, that the ancient Greeks and Romans sang their tragedies throughout upon the stage, but so noble a manner of recitation has not that I know of been even attempted by any one until now; and this I thought was owing to the defect of the modern music, which is far inferior to the ancient; but Messer Jacopo Peri made me entirely alter my opinion, when upon hearing the intention of Messer Giacomo Corsi and myself, he so elegantly set to music the pastoral of Daphne, which I had composed merely to make a trial of the power of vocal music in our age. It pleased to an incredible degree those few that heard it.

"From this I took courage. The same piece being put into better form and represented anew in the house of Messer Peri, was not only favored by all the nobility of the country, but heard and commended by the Most Serene Grand Duchess, and the most illustrious Cardinals Dal Monte and Montalto. But the 'Euridice' has met with more favor and success, being set to music by the same Peri with wonderful art; and having been thought worthy to be represented on the stage by the bounty and munificence of the Most Serene Grand Duke, in the presence of your Majesty, the Cardinal Legate, and so many princes and gentlemen of Italy and France; from whence beginning to find how well musical representations of this kind were likely to be received, I resolved to publish these two, to the end that others of greater abilities than my-

self may be induced to carry on and improve this kind of poetry to such a degree that we may have no occasion to envy those ancient pieces which are so much celebrated by noble writers."

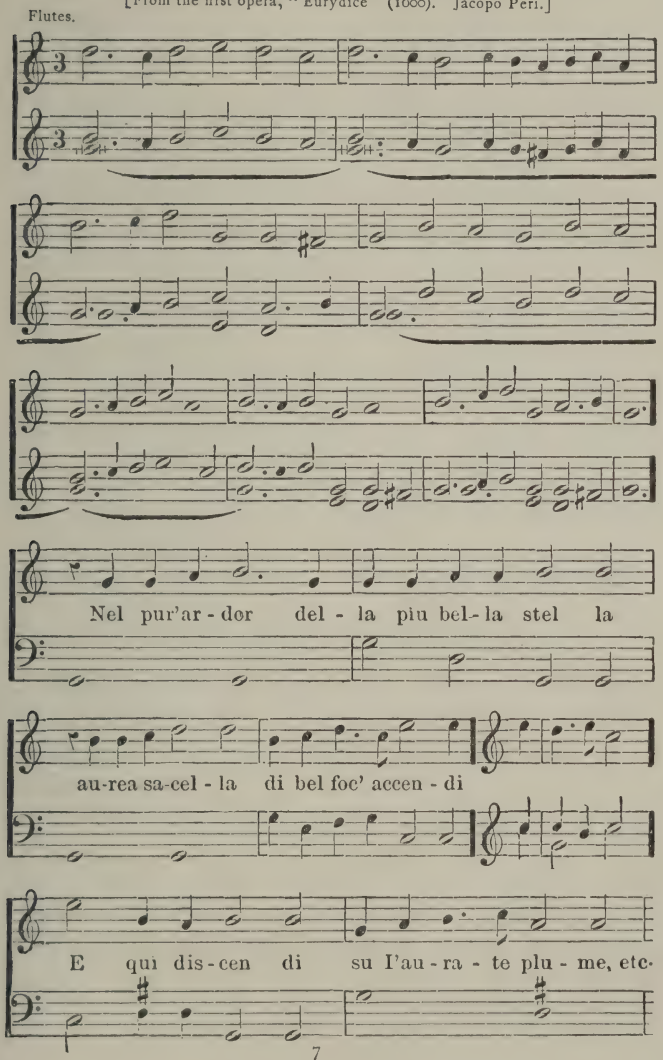
It is evident from the tenor of this extract that the genuine recitative was first developed in "Euridice," and that this work deserves the distinction, not only of being the first opera publicly performed, but the first opera written, in every sense of the word. How Peri constructed this recitative is thus told by Count Algarotti, an old musical writer:

"When he had applied himself to an investigation of that species of musical imitation which would the readiest lend itself to the theatric exhibitions, he directed his researches to discover the method of the ancient Greeks on similar occasions. He carefully remarked what Italian words were and what were not capable of intonation; and was very exact in minuting down the several modes of pronunciation and the proper accents to express grief, joy, and all the other affections of the human mind, with a view to make the bass move in proper time, now with more energy, now with less, according to the nature of each. So scrupulous was he, that he attended to all the niceties and peculiarities of the Italian language, and frequently consulted with several gentlemen not less celebrated for the delicacy of their ears than for their skill in the arts of music and poetry. The conclusion from this inquiry was, that the groundwork of the imitation proposed should be an harmony, following nature step by step, in a medium between common speaking and melody."

LAVINIA FENTON

FLUTE TRIO AND SCENE.

[From the first opera, "Eurydice" (1600). Jacopo Peri.]



Burney says of the music of "Euridice" that it is declamatory throughout, and that the recitative seems to have been not only the model of subsequent composers of the early Italian operas, but of the French operas of Lully. Although the word "aria" sometimes occurs in the score, he says it is difficult to distinguish the air from the recitative by any superiority of melody except in the choruses, which were sung and danced at the same time. The number most closely resembling an aria is a "sinfonia" of eight bars, marked in the score for the triple flute, which, Chappell suggests, was held by one on the stage, while the music itself was played by three flutists behind the scenes, as it is in three parts.

Such is a general description of the first opera. It was received with great enthusiasm. There were no disappointments at the first performance. None of the singers had colds; none of the orchestra was refractory. Fortunately the names of these first artists, far away predecessors of the De Reszkes and Campanaris, have been preserved. Jacopo Peri, the composer, himself sang the rôle of Orpheus; Francesco Rosi was Aminto; Messer Brandi was Arcetro; and Melchior Blantratto was Pluto. The names of the members of the orchestra on this memorable occasion have also been preserved. Jacopo Corsi was at the harpsicord; Don Garzia Montalvo played the chit-

arone, or large guitar; Messer Giovambatista, the lira grande, or viol da gamba; and Giovanni Lapi, the large lute. This small but select band played behind the scenes.

It was a little band compared with those which accompany opera in the twentieth century. It was a modest array of singers compared with the tenors, baritones, bassos, and prime donne of the troupes of to-day. The music was crude and harsh and monotonous as compared with the scores of the present time; but the beginnings of all this twentieth century operatic magnificence were contained in the music to which Henry IV. and his ungracious queen listened on their wedding day, as the beginnings of the oak are contained in the acorn; and though the full meaning of their great discovery may not have dawned upon Peri, Rinuccini, and their Florentine associates who had worked out the problem together at the Palazzo Corsi, they knew they had created a new dramatic form in music. A little later, Monteverde, the Duke of Mantua's chapel-master, realized the possibilities latent in "Euridice," and proceeding upon the lines laid down by Peri, still further developed the form; but to Jacopo Peri belongs the honor of the title, "Father of the opera."

The beautiful city on the Arno boasts many illustrious names in art and letters; among them Ghiberti,

Brunelleschi, Fra Bartolommeo, Sandro Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Benvenuto Cellini, Cimabue, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, and Dante. By the side of these great names should be inscribed in equal glory the names of that little band of scholars who met in the Palazzo Corsi and designated Jacopo Peri and Ottavio Rinuccini to give the opera to the world. Surely this is not the least of the glories which illuminate the name of Florence.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

DRYDEN.

SOME MUSICAL CONTROVERSIES

SOME MUSICAL CONTROVERSIES

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,
Quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit : tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?

Virgil's Æneid, Book I.

THE memorable question which Virgil asks the Muse in the opening lines of the Æneid suggests itself as one recalls the numerous fierce controversies among musicians — "Can such passions disturb the divine minds?" Painters, sculptors, architects, artists, and artisans of nearly every class manage to dwell together peacefully. What is there in the gentle art of music — the art characterized as divine — that should cause such strife among the dwellers in the Cave of Harmony?

These controversies began early in the history of the art. The first of serious consequence was during the reign of Charlemagne; it raged over the Gregorian chant. Charlemagne was an ardent lover of music and its enlightened patron and promoter. He first heard the Gregorian chant in its perfection at Rome in 790 A. D., and became one of its enthusiastic

Diaconus also in his life of Gregory, speaking of the failure of both French and Germans to express the real character of the Gregorian chant, says: "Their rude throats, instead of the inflections of pleasing melody, formed such rough sounds as resembled the noise of a cart jolting down a pair of stairs."

After Charlemagne had settled the immediate dispute among the choristers, he applied to the Pope for teachers to reform the service in the French church. Twelve were selected for that purpose, corresponding with the number of the Apostles, but such was their hatred of France that they arranged among themselves that each should teach the system in a different way. The result was that in a short time the service was in worse confusion than ever before. Charlemagne discovered the trick and complained to the Pope, who recalled the twelve Judases, and condemned some of them to exile, the rest to perpetual imprisonment. He then dispatched two trusty teachers who faithfully accomplished their mission. The purity of the chant was restored, though it was corrupted again during the reign of Charlemagne's successor, Louis the Debonair. Hostilities, however, ceased, or appeared only spasmodically until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the war broke out again. During that century, however, it was, strictly speaking, a struggle between

French and Italian musicians, which ended in the victory of the latter.

Handel, himself of most choleric disposition, was the central figure in many quarrels, but his troubles seemed to culminate in his famous London opera season which ended so disastrously. The rival performances of the "Beggar's Opera" had turned the fickle public from Italian to English ballad opera. The superiority of Bononcini as a composer was constantly asserted, and at last a bitter quarrel broke out between his partisans and those of Handel, which provoked Byrom's sarcastic verse:

> "Some say that Signor Bononcini,
> Compared to Handel 's a mere ninny;
> And others say that to him Handel
> Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
> Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Handel was also in a constant quarrel with Senesino, his male soprano, who had an extraordinary voice and was a popular favorite. He suspected him of stirring up strife in the company, and was so incensed at his vanity and obstinacy, that at last he refused to have anything to do with him or to write for him. He then sought to have the directors discharge him, but they refused, as he was a paying card.

Handel's greatest trouble, however, appeared in

1723, in the form of Signora Francesca Cuzzoni, a singer of remarkable vocal accomplishments, brought from Parma to strengthen the troupe. She is described by Horace Walpole as "short, squat, with a fine complexion, but a doughy cross face." Her facial expression was in keeping with her disposition. She had an ungovernable temper, was capricious in her fancies, eccentric in her habits, and unreliable withal. Senesino found her an easy victim for his mischief-making, and between the male and the female soprano the stage was in almost constant uproar, which kept the other singers by the ears, much to the sorrow of poor Handel. Now and then, however, he asserted himself. Upon one occasion Cuzzoni refused to sing an aria in his "Otho" because it did not suit her. The enraged composer turned upon her and said: "I know, madame, that you are a very devil; but I will let you see that I am Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." Suiting the action to the word, he seized her around the waist and threatened to throw her through the window if she did not sing it. Terrified at his rage, she consented and made a great hit with the aria. The first of her victims was Signora Durastanti, who had joined the troupe with Senesino. Cuzzoni quarrelled with her incessantly, until at last, tired of wrangling, and at the same time jealous of her success, Durastanti left the troupe. She had a triumphant farewell, how-

SIGNOR SENESINO

BOSTON PUBLIC

ever, for she sang a song which Pope had written for her:

"Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh! who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?

"Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars forever ceasing;
But let old charmers yield to new,
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!"

The "jars," however, were not to cease for a long time to come. Another disturber now comes on the scene.

Three years after Cuzzoni joined the troupe, the directors engaged Signora Faustina Bordoni, a famous Venetian singer, and then the real trouble began; one which set all London in an uproar. As compared with Cuzzoni she was an equally excellent vocalist, but she had the advantage of a beautiful face and a symmetrical figure. Cuzzoni, probably egged on by Senesino, was furious over her engagement. They made their first appearance together in Handel's "Alessandro." Handel arranged their performance

with strict impartiality: they sang song for song; each had part in a duet with Senesino, and finally they sang together. Though both were excellent singers their styles were so different — the one accomplished in bravura passages, the other in serious dignified work — that the directors and Handel himself were of opinion the contrast would be of the highest advantage. Perhaps this would have been true had it not been for Cuzzoni's jealousy and obstinacy. A violent enmity at once arose between the singers. The stage people promptly took sides. The audiences were soon partisan in their expressions of favor. Society in general began to discuss the merits of the two divas and at last there were Cuzzoni and Faustina factions headed by ladies of rank. All musical London was gathered into two hostile camps. Hostilities were not confined to wordy discussions, squibs, caricatures, and pamphlet war; duels were fought, and even the divas themselves came to blows. Burney in his history says: "The discords increased to a more violent degree of enmity than those of the theological and political parties of High Church and Low, or Whig and Tory, which then raged in this country;" and Colley Cibber, who was a witness of the extraordinary uproar, writes: "These costly canary birds contaminate the whole body of our music-loving public with their virulent bickerings. Ladies refuse to receive visits from friends who belong

to the opposite musical party. Cæsar and Pompey did not excite the Romans to more violent partisanship than these contentious women." In the theatre the appearance of either singer was the signal for mingled hisses and applause, bravas and whistling catcalls, and even opprobrious epithets. The London Journal of 1727 says: "The Princess Caroline was there; but neither Her Royal Highness's presence nor the laws of decorum could restrain the glorious ardor of the combatants." Upon one occasion the "glorious ardor" seized the two singers so violently that they engaged in a personal encounter with sanguinary results. At last the directors, fearing that bloodshed and riot might occur, if these demonstrations were not checked, decided to get rid of Cuzzoni by a little diplomacy. When the time came for renewal of contracts they agreed to raise Faustina's salary to one guinea more than Cuzzoni's. The latter's patrons and the mischief-making Senesino had made her swear she would never sing for less than Faustina. She applied to the directors, but they would not give her the additional guinea. By the terms of her vow she was forced to leave. As Pope had sung the farewell of Signora Durastanti, so another poet, Ambrose Phillips, was moved to sound his lyre over the departure of Signora Cuzzoni:

"Little syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire;
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart;
O, too pleasing is thy strain,
Hence to southern climes again;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell.
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free."

The "little syren" returned to London sometime afterwards, syren no longer. Her voice was impaired and she was forced to quit the stage. In 1770 she was earning a scanty livelihood by making buttons, for, like many others of her profession, she had squandered a handsome competence. Shortly after that she was imprisoned for debt, and finally died at Bologna in miserable circumstances. The handsome Faustina, on the other hand, married the composer Hasse, retired from the stage, and lived happily and luxuriously until she was ninety.

The memorable quarrel between the followers of Lully and those of Rameau, in France in the seventeenth century, was unique in the fact that while the controversy began between the adherents of two French opera composers, it closed in a union of the

two factions against Italian opera composers. Jean Baptiste de Lully, born in 1633, was the founder of French grand opera. His reforms were on the same lines as those of Gluck, so far as the advancement of the art at that time would permit, and his operas held the stage until Rameau partly, and Gluck wholly, overshadowed them. Rameau, born in 1683, was the author of a new system of musical theory, which created some stir among the believers in Lully because of its novel principles, many of which are now incorporated in the science of harmony; but it was not until his fiftieth year, when he produced his first opera, "Hippolyte et Aricie," that actual strife began between the Lullists and the Rameauists. Because he had advanced upon the lines laid down by Lully, invented new harmonies, and arranged new accompaniments, and in fact virtually completed what Lully had begun, he was accused of seeking to destroy the national opera which Lully had founded. The Rameauists claimed, on the other hand, that he had improved and strengthened it; but the Lullists would not tolerate any innovations or departures from the style of the founder. As each new opera was produced by Rameau the controversy increased in bitterness, and each had to fight the way to success. At last his partisans were called traitors to their country. An attempt was made to arouse the indig-

nation of the populace against them, and for a time civil strife was imminent.

Rameau was a stout fighter, but he had great need for all his courage and ability. Such able men as Diderot, D'Alembert, and Grimm were arrayed against him ; and when they could not answer his arguments they did not hesitate to attack his personal character, and even made the false accusation that he was brutal to his family. Rameau, however, defended himself so resolutely that the quarrel after a time ended in a compromise, and the works of both composers held peaceable possession of the stage. It added greatly to the strength of Rameau's standing that the king created the position of cabinet composer for him and also elevated him to the rank of the nobility.

In 1752 the feud was forgotten, but in that same year both Rameauists and Lullists were at war again, — this time not with each other, but banded together against a foreign enemy. A troupe of Italian burletta singers came to Paris and gave the "Serva Padrona" of Pergolesi between the acts of Lully's "Acis and Galatea," and made many converts to Italian music. The Rameauists at once took alarm at this menace to French music and declared it was insulting to France to prefer Italian music. The pamphleteers began the controversy, and Rousseau took a prominent part by defending the Italian in his famous "Lettre sur la

Musique Française"; at the same time declaring that the French language was unfitted for music, and that the French never had and never would have any music. For this insult he was burned in effigy at the opera-house door and narrowly escaped banishment. The Lullists and Rameauists made common cause against the Italian "buffoons," as they were styled. The factions were bouffonistes and anti-bouffonistes, and the "guerre des bouffons" went on in a lively manner both inside and outside the theatre. In the theatre the French partisans occupied what was called the "Coin du Roi" and the Italian partisans the "Coin de la Reine," the king having espoused the cause of the former, the queen of the latter, and the two factions kept the house in constant uproar. Upon one occasion Mondonville, a French composer, brought out his "Titan et Aurore." Fearing that it might not get a hearing, he induced Madame de Pompadour to use her influence with the king in his behalf. It is needless to say she was successful. On the night in question the pit was filled with members of the king's household to the exclusion of those who usually occupied the "Coin de la Reine," and Mondonville enjoyed a triumph. The Italians were speedily routed and the bouffonistes went back in disgust to their country. Rameauists and Lullists effected a strong offensive and defensive al-

liance, and just before Rameau's death it was agreed that both Lully and himself should be the representatives of the national opera. Notwithstanding the bitter fight which Rameau made against Italian music, it is evident that he realized the shortcomings of his own in comparison with it. Shortly before his death he said: "If I were twenty years younger I would go to Italy and take Pergolesi for my model, abandon something of my harmony, and devote myself to attaining truth of declamation, which should be the sole guide of musicians. But after sixty one cannot change; experience points plainly enough the best course, but the mind refuses to obey."

Gluck laid the foundations of the modern music-drama. The reforms which he proposed were of a revolutionary character. When the precepts which he announced failed of acceptance in Vienna, he resolved to submit them to the Parisian public. The outcome was one of the bitterest musical wars recorded in history. As soon as he arrived in Paris he encountered most determined opposition, and had it not been for the influence of Marie Antoinette, whose singing teacher he had been, it is doubtful whether he would have secured a hearing for any of his works. One after another he brought out "Iphigénia en Aulide," "Orphée et Eurydice," and "Alceste." They made a deep impression, not alone by their

vocal innovations, but also by their strong dramatic style. The people were enthusiastic, and critics declared he was the only musician in Europe who could express the passions in genuine musical language. His enemies attacked these operas, upon the ground that they were sombre and lacking in melody. To refute this charge against him he brought out "Armida," which not only aroused popular enthusiasm by the beauty of its melodies, but secured for him a friend at court by its flattering allusions to the beauty of Marie Antoinette.

It was not, however, until the arrival of Piccinni in Paris that the real battle began. Piccinni was at that time the representative composer of the Italian school. He set up the Italian standard, and large numbers flocked to it. The Italian partisans hailed him as their leader, and a furious controversy arose which speedily led to hostile factions and cabals against both Gluck and Piccinni. The latter was a mild-mannered person and took no offensive part in the hostilities. He was engaged in the composition of "Roland," an opera which he hoped would make an impression, and kept quietly at his work while the battle raged about him. Gluck, on the other hand, was a man of action, and could write a sharp letter. One such, in which he attacked Italian music, was the signal to his followers for a concerted assault

upon that school. Gluck himself had begun an opera upon the subject of Roland, but discontinued it when he found that Madame Du Barry, through her influence with Louis XV., had induced the opera administration to give Piccinni the same subject. In a letter referring to this matter he declares he will not enter into rivalry with any one; and as for Piccinni, "I have shown him the way, and he has only to follow me." He then adds somewhat insultingly: "Sure am I that a certain politician of my acquaintance will give dinners and suppers to three-fourths of Paris, for the purpose of gaining proselytes for him; and that Marmontel, who knows so well how to write tales, will relate to the whole kingdom the exclusive merits of M. Piccinni."

Piccinni finished his "Roland," and it was performed with great success. The composer was carried home in triumph. He became a favorite at court and received many commissions. Piccinni's success incited the Gluckists to a renewal of their assaults. The Piccinnists stoutly defended themselves, and being on good terms at court, soon took the aggressive. Pamphlets, epigrams, satires, and caricatures were the weapons of both sides. As Gluck engaged personally in the controversy, he was singled out for the most abusive charges. Not only were the musicians arrayed against each other,

but bitter feuds arose among the *littérateurs*. Marmontel, Chabanon, Delacépède, De la Borde, La Harpe, the Abbé Roussier, and other academicians and men of letters assailed Gluck; and though they had little knowledge of music themselves, impudently declared that he had none at all. So furious was the war that the usual amenities of polite society were disturbed. Old friendships were broken up, the peace of families was menaced, the court was in a hubbub, and the theatre a scene of continual tumult. If a stranger came to a door the first salutation was the question, "Monsieur, êtes-vous Piccinnist ou Gluckist?" The administration of the opera was in despair, and at last the director sought to effect a reconciliation between the two composers. With this end in view he gave a supper for Gluck and Piccinni. They sat side by side at the table; but after assurances of mutual respect, Gluck could not forbear asking him how much better off he was for composing pretty melodies to tickle the French ears, and if there was not something in the world better than money. Piccinni replied he thought it was possible to enjoy glory and fortune at the same time. They parted amicably, but hostile operations were not interrupted. On the contrary, the feeling was so bitter on both sides that the controversy threatened blows as well as words.

In this dangerous emergency the opera administration devised a new scheme of settlement. Gluck and Piccinni were given a poem on the same subject, "Iphigénia en Tauride," to set to music. The outcome was most disastrous to Piccinni. He had told the director that if Gluck's work should be produced first there would be no chance for his, and he was assured he should have the first hearing. The director proposed, but this time the queen disposed. Gluck's opera was first performed, and Marie Antoinette was present and led the applause, much to the wrath of the Piccinnists. Then Piccinni discovered that while Gluck had been given an excellent poem his own was a miserable one. This was not the end of his troubles. When his opera was first performed, his Iphigénia, Mlle. La Guerre, was so intoxicated that she had to be supported. It was charged that the Gluckists, knowing her weakness, gave her a dinner before the performance, at which the wine flowed freely. As one witty spectator remarked, "She was not Iphigénia en Tauride but Iphigénia en Champagne." Gluck's success was fatal to Piccinni's hopes. The former's superiority was so clearly demonstrated that Piccinni lost heart and deserted the field; but after he had gone, the two factions kept up the controversy, and it lasted until the death of Gluck in 1787. Peace came, however, not through his death, but through the

SIGNORA FAUSTINA-BORDONI

magnanimity of Piccinni. He printed a tribute to Gluck's memory and proposed an annual concert on the anniversary of his death, at which Gluck's compositions should be played — "in order to transmit to posterity the spirit and the character of his works, that they may serve as a model to future artists of the true style of dramatic music." The publication of this tribute ended the long strife. The leaders of the respective factions divided the palm between the two composers; but posterity has given it to Gluck.

The arrival of Rossini in Paris was the signal for a revival of those bitter controversies which had raged years before between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists, and at a still earlier period between the Lullists and the Rameauists, as to the merits of the Italian music compared with the old national music. He had no sooner reached the gay city than the critics, musicians, Italian and French partisans, were by the ears. Rossini and his operas were doomed to the same treatment as Pergolesi and his "La Serva Padrona" more than half a century before. He had stanch adherents, however, and in the excitement of the fray their praises of him were as extravagant as the accusations of his enemies. The leaders of the cabal against him were M. Berton, the French composer, and Signor Paer, an Italian composer and conductor at the Italian Opera. Berton was the bitterer of the two. His pet

names for Rossini were "Signor Vacarmini" and "Signor Crescendo." In one of his pamphlets he asserted that he asked Maelzel, the automaton maker and inventor of the metronome, whether he could construct a machine that would make music, and that Maelzel said he could, but the music would be like that of Rossini and not like that of Mozart and Cimarosa. It is a curious feature of this controversy that while Rossini himself had no political opinions, the question of the merits of his music took on a political complexion, the Royalists, until the revolution of 1830, defending, and the Liberals condemning him. Paer, the conductor, was one of his most vindictive enemies, and more than once kept back his operas and produced others for purposes of contrast. Berlioz expressed his opinions bluntly: "If it had been in my power to place a barrel of powder under the Salle Louvois and blow it up during the representation of 'La Gazza Ladra' or 'Il Barbiere,' with all that it contained, I certainly should not have failed to do so." When Garcia in 1817 wished to have Rossini's "Barber of Seville" performed for his benefit, the opera directors informed him that only masterpieces could be given there, and that "Il Barbiere," a work of secondary merit by an almost unknown author, was not worthy of being presented to a Parisian public. Garcia insisted upon its performance, and notified the

directors that if they did not grant his request, he would not renew his engagement. Of course he had his way; but the critics attacked the opera savagely, and immediately thereafter the directors brought out Paisiello's "Barber" in hopes that it would ruin Rossini's. The attempt failed, however.

As a side issue in this controversy, curiously enough, considering the slight opportunities offered of comparison between the enduring works of Mozart and the merely temporary ones of Rossini, a quarrel arose over the merits of these two composers. The musicians of course took the Mozart side, the critics and dilettanti the Rossini side, and for a time the Franco-Italian war was forgotten. All Paris was soon in a heated discussion. In the midst of it a biography of Rossini made its appearance, containing portraits of him and Mozart. A Rossinian indignantly asked what Mozart's portrait had to do in the memoirs of Rossini. "As much," replied an anti-Rossinian, "as the ideas of Mozart in the scores of Rossini." A caricature of the time evidently refers to the loans Rossini had made from Mozart. It represents the former trampling upon violins and flutes while he pounds upon a drum with one hand, holding with the other a trumpet upon which a magpie is perched.

While all this turmoil existed at Paris, a fire in the rear broke out in Italy. M. Peratti, chapel-master at

one of the churches in Venice, was an intimate friend of Paer, the conductor, who had fought Rossini so fiercely in Paris. He contributed to the excitement of the controversy by publishing a long dissertation, in which he contended that not only were Rossini and his music without common sense, but also those who went to hear it and liked it. He pronounced him

> —— Musicien barbare,
> Ignorant par bé mol que par bé carre.
>
> [A mere barbarian, ignorant of what
> The difference is between B sharp and B flat.]

In spite of all opposition Rossini triumphed, and enjoyed a degree of popularity for a time such as has been accorded to few composers. Signor Carpani, a contemporary writer, says:

"The Rossinian melody has found its way to every pianoforte, to every harp, to every guitar. Nay, does not every tavern, do not the highways and byways of every town, resound night and day, with his all-pervading song? Is it not ground from every barrel-organ and scraped from the violin of every blind fiddler of every village? In order to complete the full circle of activity, nothing now remains but to hear it repeated from every church tower and warbled in the throat of every piping bullfinch."

But where now is this most brilliant luminary of the nineteenth century? What has become of his scores of operas, his cantatas and oratorios, his long cata-

logue of vocal and instrumental music, and his alleged "Stabat Mater," which did service for so many years at the close of opera seasons in alleged sacred Sunday-night concerts? "Where are the snows of yester year?" as the scapegrace Villon says.

The evolution of opera, so far as it has been accomplished, has been marked by conflicts of a bitter and strenuous character, but none has been fiercer or longer sustained than that which has raged around Wagner and his "music of the future"; no composer has been more savagely assailed or more persistently vilified. Apart from his radical musical innovations, his personal traits were such as to antagonize those with whom he came in contact, and to invite attack.

Paris was the first scene of hostility. He arrived there a comparative stranger and when his fortune was at a low ebb, only to encounter violent prejudice. One disappointment quickly followed another. His "Faust Overture" was declined. He tried a second overture: it was not even discussed. He prepared a vaudeville: the actors declared it impossible of execution. He wrote ballads which singers would not sing, and which consequently publishers would not publish. He offered himself as a chorus singer, and was informed he knew nothing about singing. He failed to get a hearing for "Rienzi." Invited to write a sketch for opera, he prepared the story of "The Flying Dutchman." The

opera director coolly offered to purchase it of him and have it set to music by another hand. He had no tact, and needlessly antagonized Halévy, Auber, and even Liszt, and furiously assailed Meyerbeer, who had shown him many friendly favors. His "Rienzi" made but a temporary success at Dresden. At Berlin his enemies said it was an insult to German music. Leipsic and Munich refused it. "The Flying Dutchman" met with disastrous failure at first, which still further served to irritate him. He was already beginning to estrange every one by his ill-humor, his dogmatic manner, and his lack of respect for others' opinions and prejudices. Journalists and musicians, both in France and Germany, said that he was personally unendurable and that his music was impossible. Theatre managers resented his imperiousness and would not accommodate him.

"Tannhäuser" still further increased his troubles and deepened the animosity of musicians. At Dresden it was pronounced tedious and unmusical; at Berlin it was refused performance by the king except upon conditions which Wagner deemed insulting. In 1861 he tried to get a foothold in Paris with it. With his customary lack of diplomacy he had alienated every one having to do with the opera before its performance, from the director to the ballet, and had made himself the target for lampoons and caricatures,

because he had refused the services of the claque. Bitterly did he pay for his independence. At the first performance the leaders of the opposition had provided themselves with hunting-whistles, which they blew all through the second act. The third act was almost inaudible for the din, and the whole performance was a fiasco. The second and third performances fared even worse, and finally Wagner was obliged to ask that "Tannhäuser" be withdrawn. The newspapers vied with one another in abuse of the grossest description. Rossini, for whom Wagner had a certain admiration, attempted to decipher the score of "Tannhäuser" upside down, "because," he said, "it would not go any other way." Finally Wagner quit Paris, loaded down with debts and a heavy burden of calumny, and went back to Germany, where fresh misfortunes were awaiting him.

But for Liszt "Lohengrin" might not have had a hearing. "Tristan and Isolde" next followed. It was the first of his works in which he had given full and free expression to his theories. It represented Wagner released from all outside influences, as clearly as Beethoven's Third Symphony represents the great master freed from the influences of Mozart and Haydn, and speaking for himself. "Tristan and Isolde" met with the same determined opposition as his other operas. By this time he was reduced to

poverty, and even contemplated retiring from professional life, when the King of Bavaria came to his relief. The royal patronage assured him financial support and made Baireuth possible, but it did not diminish the violence of assaults made upon him. When it was known that the king had subsidized his operas the storm broke forth more furiously than ever, and all sorts of cabals were organized. He was attacked as an atheist, a foreigner, and a revolutionist. The court attachés were furious at this diversion of public money by a crazy king to a crazy musician, which they might have had themselves. The newspaper critics called him "the great Composer Hubbub," and even accused him of neglecting his family and letting his wife starve. He was defamed in every way that malicious ingenuity could suggest. Public passions were aroused to a dangerous pitch; and when at last riots were threatened against him and the king, he went to Switzerland until the storm should blow over.

The literary productions of Wagner contributed to the antipathy against him quite as much as his music. Both in his "Judaism in Music" and "Opera and Drama" his assaults upon the Jews, particularly Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, roused a violent feeling of resentment against him in Germany, France, and England. Innumerable pamphlets appeared in reply

SIGNORA CUZZONI

to him, and the critics renewed their attacks with increased vindictiveness. Indeed savage criticism followed him all his life. He was taunted with being jealous of rival Hebrew composers. In England, where Mendelssohn was an idol, the Athenæum pronounced him "a charlatan," and his music "impious, profligate, and nauseating." The Times spoke of him as a man whom "it would be a scandal to compare with the men of reputation this country possesses, and whom the most ordinary ballad-writers would shame in the creation of melody, and of whose harmony no English harmonist of more than one year's growth could be found sufficiently without ears or education to pen such vile things." Berlioz, who had been on friendly terms with him, was finally moved to declare: "In his principles what is true has been known to all previous important masters, while that which is brought forward as new contains so little truth that I can but seriously raise my hands and exclaim, 'Non credo.' I firmly believe that beauty can never assume the form of ugliness, and that though the mission of music is not to please the ear alone, it was never intended to be disagreeable to it." Hanslick of Vienna, the most conspicuous critic since Schumann, was one of his most bitter opponents. Nietzsche, at first an enthusiastic Wagnerian, subsequently treated him as a musical degenerate and even

asserted that he was an apostate Jew. Wagner rarely complained of criticism, but now and then the shafts found sensitive spots. On one occasion he said: "The London and Paris papers mock my works and tendencies without pity. These works have been dragged through the mire. They have been hissed in the theatres; but it still remained to me to see my person, my private character, my domestic life exposed to public contempt in the country where my works are admired, and where a masculine energy and lofty aspiration are recognized in my efforts."

The turmoil and strife of the Wagnerian conflict are now nearly over. Echoes of it are occasionally heard, but Baireuth and the Nibelungen Trilogy have made a deep impression upon all his contemporaries, and confirmed his fame as a bold innovator and original thinker. Even in Paris, which half a century ago would not listen to "Tannhäuser," his earlier operas and the music-dramas have become so popular that they outrank all others. In January last the receipts from eight performances of "Siegfried" exceeded those of Rossini's "William Tell," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," and Saint-Saëns's new work "Les Barbares." Denunciation of the Baireuth master has been succeeded by adulation as ridiculous as that was vindictive. The disciples of the Wagner cult would now have us believe that the musical

Messiah has come. Wagner came indeed with something to say, and he said it nobly and manfully. But has he said the last word? Are there no other voices in music? Are Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert mute? When the great singers shall come again may not the world even go back to the bel canto?

Teach me the skill
  Of him whose heart assuaged
Those passions ill
  Which oft afflicted Saul;
Teach me the strain
  Which calmeth minds enraged,
And which from vain
  Affections doth recoil:
So to the choir
  Where angels music make,
I may aspire
  When I this life forsake.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667).

A MUSICAL ROYAL FAMILY

A MUSICAL ROYAL FAMILY

Pastime with good company I love,
And shall until I die,
Grudge who will but none decry,
So God be pleased this life will I
For my pastance hunt, sing, and dance.
My heart is set :
All goodly sport to my comfort who shall me let ?

Henry the Eighth's Favorite Song.

THAT the Elizabethan era was the golden period of English literature is conceded by the world's scholarship. It has not been set forth with sufficient emphasis in history that it was also the golden period of English music, both in scholarship and in achievement. The glory of this consummation belongs jointly to Henry the Eighth and his children Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. His six wives, with the exception of Anne Boleyn, have no share in that glory, but his six wives except Anne Boleyn had little share in anything that concerned Henry the Eighth beyond ministering to his whims and caprices. In a sketch of the influence of this remarkable family — remarkable because it is one of the

few really musical royal families — they need not be considered.

The verse which heads this sketch is the first of a song, "Pastime with good Company," known in its time as the "King's ballad," and found among the manuscripts of Henry the Eighth. If not of his own composition, it was his special favorite. The remaining verses are as follows:

"Youth will needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company me thinketh the best
All thoughts and fantasies to digest.
For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all.
Then who can say
But pass the day
Is best of all?

"Company with honesty
Is virtue — and vice to flee;
Company is good or ill
But every man hath his free will.
The best I sue,
The worst eschew.
My mind shall be
Virtue to use;
Vice to refuse
I shall use me."

This song, one of a series known as "King Henry's Mirth," or "Freemen's Songs" the king often sang

KING HENRY VIII

most lustily with one Sir Peter Carew, an attendant at court, whose agreeable qualities, as well as his fine voice, much commended him to His Majesty. Apart from its generous expression of virtuous resolves, it is a not unfaithful description of the king's character. However insincere he may have been in his varied marital experiences, however ambiguous he may have been in word and deed, however double-faced he may have been in the midst of the mighty religious revolution he himself inaugurated ("the tremulous and shifty Jupiter of our disordered island-world, who felt at least as much alarm as he inspired, promoted panic to restore tranquillity, and persecuted in the name of moderation," as one writer says), it cannot be questioned that Henry VIII. was honest in his "pastime" and that he was sincere in his love of music as one phase of that pastime. There is ample testimony on this point. The Venetian ambassador Giustiniani in 1519 said of him: "He is very accomplished, a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine jouster, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish, is very religious, hears three masses daily when he hunts, and sometimes five on other days." Pasqualigo, also an ambassador at that time, says: "He plays well on the lute and virginals, sings from the book at sight, and draws the bow with greater strength than any man in England." Saguadino,

secretary of the Italian Embassy, after hearing him play, said: "He acquitted himself divinely. He is an excellent musician, plays the virginals well, and has many other endowments and good parts." The Hollingshead Chronicles bear this testimony: "The king exercised daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, and virginals, in setting of songs, making of ballads, and did set two godly masses, each of these five parts, which were sung often in his chapel and afterwards in divers other places." Lord Herbert of Cherburg says he was a curious musician, "as two entire masses composed by him and sung in his chapel did abundantly testify"; and Burnet in his "History of the Reformation" concedes his excellent musical ability.

There is plenty of evidence, indeed, that Henry VIII. was not only an admirable performer but an accomplished composer, and that he did much to revive and encourage the art. The two masses composed by him have been lost. Of his lighter music a pavan, a saraband, and a galliard are known. Masques, composed of music, dancing, and representations of a grotesque character, in reality the forerunners of the music drama, were favorite court entertainments; and many of these were contrived by him. An anthem, "O Lord, the maker of all things," is believed to

have been his, though some critics attribute it to Mundy, and Burney in his History thinks "it is too good for him." The king's ballad, "Pastime with good company," already quoted, has also been attributed to him. The best known of his compositions is a three-voiced motet, "Quam pulchra es, et quam decora," with the melody of which he was wont to serenade a favorite among his many mistresses. Burney quaintly describes it as "not too masterly clear or unembarrassed for the production of a royal dilettante." A summary of the evidence as to his abilities would indicate that he was a skilful performer upon various instruments, and that in composition, while not a genius, he had a happy knack of versification and setting his poetry to music.

The household band of Henry VIII. was organized after the manner of that first established by Edward IV. It was composed of trumpeters, harpers, players on the lute, rebec, sackbut, viol, bagpipe, flute, virginals, and drum, besides minstrels, interlude players, and instrument makers, officers and gentlemen of the chapel, and chapel boys, about a hundred and twenty-five in all. It was maintained at an annual cost of about twelve thousand dollars. The compensation, especially for chapel boys, was so meagre that it was difficult to secure their services. In such emergencies Henry VIII. revived the practice of impressing boys,

which originated with Henry VI. The deans of cathedrals were authorized to impress the male children of poor persons, instruct them, and properly qualify them for choir service. Tusser, author of "The Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," who was one of these victims, has told the story of his hard experiences in these pathetic strains:

"Thence for my voice I must (no choice)
Away of corse like posting horse,
For sundrie men had placards there
Such child to take:
The better brest [breast], the lesser rest
To serve the queere [choir], now there now here;
For time so spent I may repent,
And sorrow make.

"But marke the chance, myself to vance.
By friendship's lot to Paule's I got;
So found I grace a certain space
Still to remaine
With Redford there, the like nowhere
For cunning such and vertue much
By whom some part of musicke art
So did I gaine.

"From Paule's I went, to Eton sent
To learn straightwaies the latin phraies
Where fiftie-three stripes given to me
At once I had.
For fault but small or none at all,
It came to pas thus beat I was;
See, Udall,[1] see the mercie of thee
To me, poore lad."

[1] Udall was a master of Eton notorious for his cruelty to pupils.

In the early part of his reign Henry VIII. was not only fond of ballads, but encouraged the versifiers by making them himself. At the coronation of Anne Boleyn men and boys on the leads of St. Martin's Church sang them in her honor. The ballad, however, like the modern cartoon, is one of the readiest and most popular of methods for the expression of satire or of covert hostility; and when ballads began to be used as weapons against the Reformation, the king promptly suppressed them by an edict of a most sweeping character. It reads in part:

"Froward and malicious minds, intending to subvert the true exposition of Scripture, have taken upon them by printed ballads, rhymes, etc., subtilly and craftily to instruct his highness's people, and especially the youth of this realm, untruly. For reformation whereof, his majesty considereth it most requisite to purge his realm of all such books, ballads, rhymes and songs as be pestiferous and noisome. Therefore if any printer shall print, give, or deliver any such, he shall suffer for the first time imprisonment for three months, and forfeit for every copy 10*l;* and for the second time forfeit all his goods, and his body be committed to perpetual prison."

Fortunately all that had been printed prior to 1540 was excepted from the operation of the act, including the works of Chaucer and Gower.

Although there was little reformation of ecclesiastical music in the reign of Henry VIII., the first steps

were taken in that direction by him. Choir service was much in his thought. In the statutes of Trinity College, founded by him, "quid in cantando possint" was one of the conditions in examinations of candidates for fellowships. His strict requirements with regard to choral music are shown by the regulations given to the royal household by Cardinal Wolsey in 1526, that "when the King is on journies or progresses, only six singing boys and six gentlemen of the choir shall make a part of royal retinue, who daylie in absence of the residue of the chapel shall have a masse of Our Lady before noon and on Sondaies and holidaies masse of the daie besides our Lady masse and an anthempne in the afternoon, for which purpose no great carriage of either vestments or bookes shall require."

The real work of musical reformation was accomplished in the reign of Elizabeth, but the first steps were taken in the reign of her father. It was through his influence that music transcended the limits of plain chant, and other languages were brought into use. The changes, however, were slight. In the transition from the Roman to the Anglican service the plain song in the Litany and Common Prayer Book was not materially disturbed. It was simply adapted to the new translation. Burnet in his "History of the Reformation" says: "There was no

need of reprinting either the missals, breviaries, or other offices; for a few rasures of the collects in which the Pope was prayed for, of Thomas à Becket's office, and the offices of other saints whose days were, by the king's injunction, no more to be observed, with some other deletions, made that the old books did still serve." Some of the reformers, however, had more courage, and perhaps more fanaticism than their sovereign, for eventually the service was set to musical notes and published in 1550, during the reign of Edward VI., by John Marbeck, organist of Windsor, who had been assisted by three other zealous reformers, thus making an epoch in ecclesiastical music. These three went to the stake, but the chief offender, Marbeck, escaped upon the ground of his unimportance, he being a mere musician! It was a troublous time for music as well as musicians. Neither in his life nor in his death was Henry VIII. able to satisfy both factions. At his funeral all the ceremonies of the Roman Church were performed, much to the indignation of the reformers, who declared the saying of mass, matins, or even-song was but "roring, howling, whisteling, mumming, conjuryng and jogelyng, and foolish vanitie." But Henry VIII., though in a half-hearted way, had taken the first step toward the enrichment of English music, which reached its golden maturity in the reign of Elizabeth.

With the accession of Edward VI. to the throne the religious revolution went forward with greater impulse, and the cause of music proportionately advanced. The English Bible came into use, and all ministers were enjoined to use only the Book of Common Prayer. With the establishment of uniform public worship came a more uniform musical service. Edward himself had little part in the revolutionary movement. He was on the throne but six years, and he died at sixteen. The government was the all-controlling power. But, young as he was, he took a great interest in music. Even at the age of six he had made decided progress in this art as well as in philosophy, divinity, and the ancient languages. In his diary, July 20, 1550, he writes: "M. Le Maréchal St. André, the French ambassador, came to me in the morning to mine arraying, and saw my bed chamber, and went a-hunting with hounds, and saw me shoot, and saw all my guards shoot together. He dined with me, heard me play on the lute, saw me ride, came to me to my study, supped with me, and departed to Richmond." He maintained the musical establishment in regal style, and attracted to it such musicians as Dr. Christopher Tye, Thomas Tallis, Richard Farrant, and others, who greatly enriched ecclesiastical music in the reign of Elizabeth. Among the gentlemen of his privy

chamber was Thomas Sternhold, the organist, who first gave metrical psalmody to the world. He had set fifty-one of the psalms for his own pleasure but on one occasion, hearing him singing them at the organ, the king was so delighted that he ordered their use in the churches; but they were not generally sung until later. John Hopkins and other exiles, during Mary's reign, set the remaining psalms. The first edition of Sternhold's fifty-one psalms printed in 1549 bore the following title: "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternhold, late Grome of the Kinges Majestyes Robes did in his Lyfe tym drawe with English metre." Burney significantly says:

"In the reign of Queen Mary all the Protestants, except those who courted martyrdom, sung these Psalms *sotto voce*; but after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, like orgies, they were roared aloud in almost every street, as well as church, throughout the kingdom."

The completed version of this Psalter was printed in 1562, as a supplement to the Common Prayer Book, with the title: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Ebrue (Hebrew) with apt notes to sing them withal."

Edward died in 1553. Mary held his funeral services in the Tower, and a Latin dirge was performed;

but he was buried with the English service, which he loved the best. His brief reign is memorable for the first Book of Common Prayer with music by Marbeck, for the first Version of Metrical Psalmody by Sternhold, and for the encouragement which was extended to musical scholars and composers. It was during the same reign that all the antiphonaria, missals, breviaries, offices, and processionals were called in and destroyed. But Mary succeeded Edward VI., and there was a temporary halt in the musical advance.

Mary was an accomplished musician, and music may have been a solace to her in her unfortunate and most wretched life; but during her short reign the art made little advance. In times of turmoil art languishes. She was precocious. Even at the age of four she entertained visitors with her playing of the virginals, and she was proficient with the lute. Her mother, Catharine of Aragon, had secured for her the best masters of the time and encouraged her in her studies. After Catharine's separation from the king she writes to her daughter, charging her to obey the king in all things except religion. She sends her two Latin books, "De Vita Christi" and the Epistles of St. Jerome, and says: "In them I trust you shall see good things. And sometimes for your recreation use your virginals or lute, if you have any." Mary's chapel establishment was substantially the same as that

of her brother; but music, and especially ecclesiastical music, made little progress. In the chapels and churches the services were mixed, but finally all the regulations of Edward were set aside and the old form of worship was restored. Latin words were substituted for English. Some of the musicians withdrew and some obstinate ones were exiled. Those who remained in the establishment adapted themselves to the new order of things. Composers wrote for the Latin service, and the singers sang it as lustily as they had sung the English. As Burney says: "The musicians of the court constantly tuned their consciences to the court pitch." During the reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, the pitch varied so materially that their consciences must have had a busy time. Were it not for the great queen who followed her the advance of the art might have been long delayed, much as Mary loved it. Her knowledge of it was largely due to her mother, though her ability was inherited from her father. There is no evidence that Catharine of Aragon greatly excelled in music, but she recognized it as a necessary accomplishment for a princess, and she encouraged Mary in her studies. Catharine's music teacher, Thomas Abel, was more unfortunate than Mary's teachers, Paston and Vanderwelder. They were well rewarded, but Abel was hanged and quartered for writing the treatise "De non dissolvendo Henrici et

Catharinæ matrimonio." Evidently Abel's conscience was not "tuned to the court pitch."

Elizabeth inherited her musical abilities and her love of music both from her father and her mother Anne Boleyn. The latter was proficient in music and other accomplishments at an early age, and her brother was a famous lyrist in the court of Henry VIII. Chateaubriand, a courtier of Francis I., gallantly says of Anne Boleyn:

"She possesses a great talent for poetry, and when she sung like a second Orpheus, she would have made bears and wolves attentive. . . . Besides singing like a syren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than King David, and handled cleverly both flute and rebec."

George Cavendish, gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, also pays this exalted tribute to her:

"Besides all the usual branches of virtuous instruction they gave her teachers in playing on musical instruments, singing, and dancing, insomuch that when she composed her hands to play and her voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance that three harmonies concurred."

Wyatt, not being a courtier but only a poet, more modestly commends her musical skill and "the exquisite sweetness of her voice both in singing and speaking." In one respect she resembles Catharine of Aragon. Her musicians were too devoted to her.

One of these, Mark Smeaton, groom of her chamber, confessed to a criminal correspondence with her, vainly hoping thereby to save his life. His devotion was poorly repaired, for Anne Boleyn asserted that he never was in her chambers but once, in the king's absence, and that was when he came to play the virginals, and that she had never spoken to him but once after that; "which was on a Saturday before May Day, when she saw him standing before her windows and asked him, 'Why so sad?' He complained she did not speak to him. She answered: 'You may not look to have me speak to you, as if you were a nobleman, since you are an inferior person.' To which he replied: 'No, no, madame, a look sufficeth me.'" It was a gracious answer; but the minstrel's courtesy and humble allegiance were of no more avail than his confession. He was executed May 12, 1536.

The preceptor to whom more than all others Elizabeth owed her musical ability was Dr. Christopher Tye, who had also contributed to the musical education of Edward and Mary. He was an organist in her chapel, a skilled musician, and industrious composer, as is shown by his setting the Acts of the Apostles to music, with lute accompaniment, dedicated "to the vertuous and godlye learned prynce, Edward the Sixth." In one respect at least he reminds one of Handel: he had the same choleric

temper and the same assurance in rebuking royalty. Once when playing the organ Elizabeth sent the verger to tell him he was playing out of tune. He only uttered a contemptuous "pooh" and sent word back to her that her ears were out of tune. He would have been a bold man who would have sent that word to her as queen. As the princess she was sentimental. There is a pretty story told of her in her young days. During Mary's reign she had little opportunity for amusement. She was sometimes suffered to walk in the palace garden at Woodstock. Upon one of these occasions she heard a milkmaid singing cheerily, and wished that she were one, for "her case is better and her life is merrier." May not Shakespeare have had this story in mind when writing Henry the Sixth's battle soliloquy:

> "O God! methinks it were a happy life,
> To be no better than a homely swain;
> To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
> To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
> Thereby to see the minutes how they run."

Camden, in his Annals (1635), says of her: "Neither did she neglect musicke so far forthe as might become a Princesse, being able to sing and play on the lute prettily and sweetly"; and Playford in his "Introduction to Music" (1670) writes: "Queen Elizabeth was not only a lover of the divine science, but a good

proficient therein; and I have been informed by an ancient musician and her servant that she did often recreate herself on an excellent instrument called the polyphant, not much unlike a lute but strung with wire." The strongest evidence of her skill is to be found in her virginal book. Only an accomplished musician could have conquered its many difficulties.

Sir James Melville, the envoy of Mary Queen of Scots, has left us in his narrative of his interviews with Elizabeth not alone a graphic picture of her pure womanliness as contrasted with the popular idea of her virility, but an interesting reference to her musical characteristics. Melville was nine days at the court, and saw the queen daily. She took him into her confidence, and their conversation was of an intimate nature. She expressed great affection for Mary, but she could not conceal her vanity, curiosity, and jealousy. Upon one occasion she had dressed her hair, of which she was exceedingly proud, so as to show it off to the best effect, and then inquired of Melville "whether my queen's hair or hers was the best and which of the two was the fairest." It was an embarrassing question, which none but a vain woman would have asked. He was tactful and replied: "The fairness of both is not their worst fault." Elizabeth was not satisfied, and bluntly asked him which of them he thought the fairer. He replied

diplomatically that "they both were the fairest ladies in their courts; that she was the whitest but that our queen was very lovely." She then asked which was the taller, and, finding that Mary exceeded her in stature, she pettishly said: "Then she is over high, for I am neither too high nor too low." She was next curious to know how Mary spent her time. Melville replied that when he left Scotland on his embassy she had just returned from hunting; but when she was at the court she read history, and sometimes played the lute and virginals. Elizabeth's curiosity was again aroused and she eagerly asked whether Mary played well. Melville was again equal to the occasion and replied: "Reasonably well for a queen." The queen's sense of humor was sufficient to enable her to accept the answer pleasantly. On the same day Melville heard the queen play, and quaintly tells the story of it:

"The same day, after dinner, my lord of Hunsden drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music (but he said that he durst not avow it), where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened a while, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her

hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my lord Hunsden, as I passed by the chamber door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment Her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great offence. Then she sate down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee; which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She enquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise."

Reading between the lines of this narrative, it is clear enough that the queen and my lord of Hunsden carefully arranged this little surprise so that Melville should be compelled to compare her skill with that of Mary, and that by simulation of anger, followed by extraordinary courtesies, she forced from him the answer she wished to hear. The wily diplomat was caught in a trap, and rather than risk a real expression of anger, flattered her inordinate vanity by a concession from her rival's own representative. Vanity was her consuming weakness, and she was not above contriving any chances or little deceits to gratify it.

Elizabeth's musical establishment, both in numbers and in cost of maintenance, did not essentially differ from those of Edward and Mary. The official list sets forth "a servant, 16 trumpeters, chief luter, chief harper, other luters and harpers, 9 minstrels, 6 sing children, 2 rebecks, 6 sacbuts, 8 viols, 5 virginals, 7 'musitions straungers,' 3 drumsteds, 2 flutists, 8 players of interludes besides instrument makers." The sixteen trumpeters would argue "an intolerable deal" of noise; but noise in musical performances and at functions was not objectionable to this royal musical family. At a masque given at Cardinal Wolsey's palace, Whitehall, Henry VIII. was entertained with a concert of drums and fifes. The Earl of Arundel gave the queen upon one of her progresses an entertainment, one feature of which was "the warlike sounds of drums and fifes until midnight." The queen's dinner was always announced by a stunning fanfare of "twelve trumpets and two kettledrums together with fifes, cornets and side drums." After this barbaric outburst which, one chronicler says, "made the hall ring for half an hour together," the unmarried ladies of the court appeared and decorously lifted the principal dishes from the table. These were taken into the queen's private apartments, and after she had chosen what she desired the dishes were taken back; for except upon special occasions she ate alone.

There were exceptions to the rule, however, for Sagudino, the Venetian ambassador, describing a banquet given by Henry VIII., says: "During the dinner there were boys on a stage in the centre of the hall, some of whom sang and others played the flute, rebeck, and virginals, making the sweetest melody."

The reign of Elizabeth was the Augustan era of music in England, and its glories have not been surpassed by those of any succeeding reign. Even the much vaunted Victorian era falls below the Elizabethan in musical scholarship and accomplishment. No gentleman's education was complete without the ability to play the lute and viol and to sing at sight, and every gentlewoman was expected "to play upon the virginals, lute, and cittern; and to read prick-song (music pricked down) at first sight." Nor was this musical accomplishment confined to those of gentle birth. Laneham, who had been promoted from the royal stables by the influence of the Earl of Leicester to a lackey's position, describing the pageants at Kenilworth in 1575, says: "Sometimes I foot it with dancing; now with my gittern, and else with my cittern, then at the virginals (ye know nothing comes amiss to me); then carol I up a song withal; that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey; and ever they cry 'Another, good Laneham,

another.'" Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," says of this period:

"Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass viol hung in the drawing room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work; and music at play."

It was in this period indeed that Shakespeare wrote

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

In the great galaxy of musicians which shed such splendor upon the reign of Elizabeth and lent such glory to the fame of English music, the leading names are Dr. Christopher Tye, her favorite organist; John Marbeck, who, as already stated, nearly suffered martyrdom for his intemperate zeal as a reformer; Thomas Tallis; William Byrd; Thomas Morley, the incomparable madrigalist; Robert White, Richard Farrant, Dr. John Bull, Elway Bevin; John Dowland, the famous lute player; John Bennett, John Wilbey, Thomas Weelkes, Thomas Bateson, John Farmer, John Milton, father of the poet, and Orlando Gib-

bons — all of them composers of the first rank, and many of them skilful players and excellent singers. In what other English era can eighteen such musicians be found?

It was during Elizabeth's reign that the madrigal, that light but charmingly graceful form of composition, reached its highest excellence. It is not only elegant in form, but specially adapted to refined poetry and to lyrics of love and chivalry. Morley is perhaps its best representative. He was a favorite with the queen and had been the recipient of many favors at her hands. An opportunity to express his appreciation of them finally came. In the last days of the queen she was much distressed over the execution of the Earl of Essex. To distract her thoughts the Earl of Nottingham suggested to Morley that the services of the best poets and musicians of the day should be enlisted in the production of a collection of madrigals extolling her beauty and varied accomplishments. It was easy to "minister to a mind diseased" when the appeal could be made to vanity as in this case. Burney ascribes the first suggestion to Padre Giovenale, who had employed thirty-seven Italian composers to set canzonets and madrigals in honor of the Virgin Mary. Be this as it may, the result of Morley's work closely resembled that of the Italian padre. Twenty-three of the best composers sought to excel

one another in lauding Her Majesty in twenty-five madrigals which were printed with the following title: "The Triumphs of Oriana, to five and six voices; composed by divers several authors. Newly published by Thomas Morley, Bachelor of Music and Gentleman of Her Majesty's honorable Chapel." Grove is of opinion that the form of the collection was suggested by a set of Italian madrigals called "Il Trionfo de Dori," which celebrated the charms of a lady named Doris. Each of them ends with the words "Viva la bella Dori." In like manner each of the madrigals in the "Triumphs of Oriana" closes with the lines:

"Then sang the nymphs and Shepherds of Diana
Long live fair Oriana."

It has never been satisfactorily explained why the name "Oriana" was selected for Elizabeth, but there is no doubt that vain Oriana greatly relished the flattery of her twenty-three admirers. In this connection Morley's definition of the madrigal in his "Plaine and easie Introduction to practicall Musicke" may be of interest:

"It is a kind of music made upon songs and sonnets, such as Petrarch and many other poets have excelled in, and is, next unto the motet, the most artificial, and, to men of understanding, most delightful; and would not be so much disallowable if the poets who compose the ditties would abstain

from some obscenities which all honest ears abhor, and from some such blasphemies as no man, at least who has any hope of salvation, can sing without trembling."

Elizabeth was generous to her musicians. Tallis, and Bird, his best pupil, had greatly enriched the cathedral service with prayers, motets, and hymns, and had printed a book of songs dedicated to "her most serene royal majesty"; to which was prefixed a compliment to her, praising both her playing and her singing. In return for this she granted letters patent to them, giving them the right for twenty-one years to print songs in parts and in any language, also to "rule and cause to be ruled, by impression, any paper to serve for printing or pricking of any song or songs and to sell and utter any printed books or quires of such ruled paper imprinted." In these same letters patent, the first ever granted to musicians, the following heavy penalties are provided for all who trespass upon these rights: "Also we straightly by the same forbid all printers, booksellers, subjects and strangers, other than as is aforesaid, to do any the premises, or to bring or cause to be brought out of any foreign realms into any our dominions, any song or songs made and printed in any foreign country, to sell or put to sale upon pain of our high displeasure; and the offender in any of the premises for every time to forfeit to us, our heirs and successors, forty shillings;

and to the said Thomas Tallis and William Bird, or to their assigns and to the assigns of the survivor of them, all and every the said books, papers, song or songs." Thus securely did Elizabeth protect her "infant industries." Tallis was a happy and fortunate man always, as his epitaph in the chancel of a parish church in Kent testifies:

"Enterred here doth ly a worthy wyght
Who for long tyme in Musick bore the bell;
His name to them was Thomas Tallis hyght,
In honest vertuous lyff he dyd excell
He serv'd long tyme in Chappel with grete prayse
Fower Sovereygnes reignes (a thing not often seene);
I mean King Henry and Prynce Edward's dayes
Quene Marie and Elizabeth our Quene,
He maryed was, though children he had none,
And lyv'd in love full three and thirty yeres
With loyal spowse, whos name yclept was Jone
Who here entomb'd, him company now beares.
As he dyd lyve, so also dyd he dy,
In myld and quyet sort, O happy man!
To God ful oft for mercy dyd he cry,
Wherefore he lyves, let Deth do what he can."

It was not alone the madrigal, dance, and chamber music that was brought to such a high state of perfection by Elizabeth's encouragement of these lighter forms of the art. She substantially gave to England its stately cathedral service. Henry VIII. first established that service, modelled, however, upon the

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Roman Catholic liturgy. She fixed the service in its permanent form and anglicized it; and this will always remain as one of the chief glories of her reign. It was not an easy task. On the one hand there was strong papal opposition; on the other, the Puritans kept up a continual clamor against "playing on organs, curious singing, and tossing about the Psalms," by which they meant antiphonal singing. But Elizabeth was tactful. Although brought up in an anti-papal atmosphere, she admired the stately papal service, and it was employed at her coronation; but she took the safe middle course, and by her moderation as well as by her musical intelligence, assisted by a brilliant array of composers who provided suitable new music and harmonized the old, she rescued choral music from Puritan destructiveness, fixed the service in enduring form, and gave royal assent to the English liturgy.

When Elizabeth came to her coronation, music constituted a conspicuous part of the ceremonial. As she went by water to the Tower, whence she was to make her progress through the city, she was escorted by the civic officials and by citizens in their barges; and among these, according to an old chronicler, was "a bachellers barge with its great and pleasant melodie of instruments which plaied in most sweet and heavenlie manner." Forty-four years after, then in the seventieth year of her age, lying upon her death-bed,

she sent for her band, her wish being "to be lulled into her last long sleep to the sound of instruments." A day or two before her death, Beaumont, the French ambassador, wrote: "This morning the queen's music has gone to her. I believe she means to die as gaily as she has lived." The Frenchman's sarcasm, however, was unjust. It was to dispel the cloud of melancholy gathering around her that she sent for her music. Her godson, years after her death, wrote of her: "I never did find greater show of understanding than she was blest with, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look back and become *laudator temporis acti*." Many panegyrics of the great queen have been written since those words were penned, and by common consent her era is set down as the most brilliant in English history. She was a woman supremely vain and vacillating, cunning in her artifices, remorseless in her hatreds, double-faced when need was, as when she accepted a religion in which she did not believe; and yet she was resolute and brave; and beyond all question, like Henry VIII., she always strove for the glory of England. In that ambition she was honest. As a prominent part of that glory will forever remain the splendid work she performed for secular and ecclesiastical music by her encouragement and appreciation of musicians and by her knowledge of the art. In this she stands at the head of all English sovereigns. Surely if the

"Virgin Queen" ever bestowed her love, she gave it to music.

Tell me, ye velvet-headed violets,
That fringe the fountain's side with purest blue —
So let with comely grace your pretty frets
Be spread — so let a thousand playful zephyrs sue
To kiss your willing heads, that seem to eschew
Their wanton touch, with maiden modesty —
So let the silver dew but lightly lie,
Like little watery worlds within an azure sky.

Lo! when your verdant leaves are broadly spread,
Let weeping virgins gather you in their laps,
And send you where Eliza lieth dead,
To strew the sheet which her pale body wraps.
Ay me! in this I envy your good haps —
Who would not die thus to be buried?
Say, if the sun deny his beams to shed
Upon your living stalks, grow you not withered?

Monody on Queen Elizabeth by George Fletcher.

THE BULLFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE

THE BULLFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE

When your fat dishes smoke hot upon your table,
Then laude ye songs, and ballades magnifie ;
If they be merry, or written craftely,
Ye clap your handes and to the making harke,
And one say to another, Ho, here a proper warke.

Barklay's Fourth Eclogue, 1514

LOVE a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably," says the Clown in "The Winter's Tale." And who does not? Not all ballads are sung, lamentably or otherwise, however. There is a clear distinction between the ballad and the song. The ballad always tells a story and is sometimes sung; the song sometimes tells a story and is always sung. The ballads which Autolycus carries in his pack were evidently intended to be sung, for the servant who announces him at the door says: "He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes." The multi-

plicity of ballads in Shakespeare's time, though even then they were comparatively new, is shown by the further remark of the servant, "He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes." When Autolycus is introduced, after Perdita's justifiable warning that there must be no "scurrilous words in 's tunes," he enters singing his wares, as was the custom of the pedlers at that time.

In the dickering which ensues, Autolycus names over some of his ballads, all of them set to tunes. There is one with a doleful tune describing "how a usurer's wife . . . longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed," true and only a month old, and it so impresses Dorcas that she then and there vows never to marry a usurer. There is another ballad of a fish "that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish." Fish stories in ballads were not uncommon in those days, and the "compleat angler's" imaginative powers were as vigorous as those of their latter-day brethren. There is another ballad of that period describing "a Strange and Miraculous Fish cast upon the Sands . . . to the tune of Bragandary," one stanza of which naïvely says:

"A man on horseback, as 't is try'd,
May stand within his mouth;
Let none that hears it this deride,
For 't is confirmed by truth,
By those who dare avouch the same;
Then let the writer bear no blame."

But not all of Autolycus's ballads are doleful. He produces "a passing merry one" in three parts, going to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man." Dorcas and Mopsa invite him to sing it with them, and he, nothing loath, consents, for "you must know, 't is my occupation," and besides, crafty Autolycus knows he will all the more easily sell his "sheets" after the singing. All these ballads, hawked about by the chapmen, were short and undoubtedly set to tunes, like the folk song, the lied, and the chanson. It is impossible to conceive, however, that all the original ballads which were the progenitors of the innumerable multitude that appeared in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were sung. Some may have been, especially those relating to historic deeds or reciting the praises of heroes; but these should be more strictly classed as poems.

The ballad usually credited with being the premier is "The Nutbrowne Mayde." Its date is set down as 1502 or 1503, but this is only conjecture. It is in thirty long, clumsy, unsingable stanzas. The last

one, which points the moral even if it does not adorn the tale, is a sample of the ballad's quality:

"Here may ye see that women be in loue, meke, kinde and stable;
Late never man repreue them then, or call them variable,
But rather prey god that we may to them be consortable
Whiche sometyme provyth, suche as loueth, yf they be charitable,
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde, be meke to them eche on,
Much more ought they to god obey, and serue but hym alone."

From the ethical point of view the whole duty of man and woman is well set forth in "The Nutbrowne Mayde." From the poetical point of view it is hardly more dignified than a topical song in an operetta. From the musical point of view it is as unsingable as the genealogy in the Old Testament. "The Geste of Robin Hood," to which the date of 1508 has been ascribed, has also been set down as a ballad, but the first ballad to be known as such and described as such on its title-page is "a ballad of the scottysshe king," dated 1513 and written by John Skelton, Henry the Eighth's poet-laureate. It appeared immediately after the battle of Flodden, and closes with this exultant outburst:

"God saue Kynge Henry and his lordes all
And sende the frensshe Kinge such another fall /
Amen / for saynt charyte
And god saue noble
Kynge / Henry /
The viij."

Undoubtedly this rude offering of Skelton's was the source of the great flood of ballads in this monarch's time. Considering their wonderful vogue for the two succeeding centuries and the great influence they had in shaping public policies and directing popular sentiment, it is little wonder that Andrew Saltoun should make the observation in his "Political Works" (Glasgow, 1749): "I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., that monarch greatly favored ballads, but after the Reformation, and when the ballad-makers began to satirize him, he suppressed them altogether. The act specified such ballads, rhymes, and songs "as be pestiferous and noisome." Evidently all ballads were considered such, for they temporarily disappeared. Edward VI., when he came to the throne, did not disapprove of them, and the ballad-makers were soon at work again; but in less than a month after Mary became queen, she did away with all their productions "set out by printers and stationers, of an evil zeal for lucre, and covetous of vile gain." Elizabeth also had trouble with them, and finally an act was passed which classed the ballad-singers among "minstrels wandering abroad," and punished them as

"rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," which led Dr. John Bull, the famous English musician, to write:

> "When Jesus went to Jairus' house
> (Whose daughter was about to die)
> He turned the Minstrels out of doors,
> Among the rascal company;
> Beggars they are with one consent —
> And rogues, by act of Parliament."

Cromwell was fond of music, and was compared by his enemies to "wicked Saul, who, when the evil spirit was upon him, thought to lay and still him with those harmonious charms." He was particularly fond of ballads, especially those which celebrated his prowess at Worcester and Edgehill, and it was even proposed they be sung at Christmas in place of the carols; but when the ballad-makers began to satirize his red nose, to charge him with having been a brewer, and to favor that Puritan abomination, the play-house, then the Provost-Marshal was ordered not only to suppress plays, but to seize all ballad-makers and singers. After the downfall of Cromwell, however, ballads reappeared in overwhelming numbers, and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were their golden period. How much of human life they contain! What graphic pictures of manners, tastes, and fashions they present! And yet it is the same old story, after all. We are always looking backward. In "Time's Alteration,"

written in the reign of James II. (sung to the suggestive tune "I 'll nere be drunke againe"), the writer thus laments:

"When this old Cap was new, 't is since two hundred yeere,
No malice then we knew, but all things plentie were:
All friendship now decayes (beleeve me, this is true),
Which was not in those dayes, when this old Cap was new.

"Good Hospitalitie was cherisht then of many,
Now poore men starve and die, and are not helpt by any:
For Charitie waxeth cold, and Loue is found in few;
This was not in time of old, when this old Cap was new."

In no other form are the manners, habits, fashions, and the details of active life recorded with such infinite detail and picturesque variety as in the ballad. They are the faithful chronicles of the period in which they appear. They illustrate the character of society. They give us the homely details of the household. They tell us of the trades of men and the work of women, of weddings and of funerals, of domestic infelicity and of amusements, of the delights of hunting and the pleasures of drinking, of politics and patriotism, of church and state, of "life on the ocean wave," of love in all its phases and sorrow in all its bitterness. The ballad is a microcosm.

All this is but the prelude to "The Bullfinch" and "The Nightingale." The former sang to our British cousins before the American Revolution, in 1761.

The latter sang to the Americans just after the Revolution, in 1800. I found the two singers on an old bookman's shelves, where they had long lain mute among unsympathizing, dusty, and worm-eaten tomes. Now they have a place where they are tenderly regarded, for which they make grateful return by contributions from their ample stores of wit and wisdom and good cheer. They are delighful singers, and the value of "The Bullfinch" is greatly enhanced from the sentimental point of view because it once belonged to gentle, faithful Dorothy Wordsworth, of whom her brother, the poet, says:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and faith, and joy."

The title-page of Dorothy's book runs thus: "The Bullfinch, being a choice Collection of the newest and favourite English Songs and Ballads which have been set to Music and sung at the Public Theatres and Gardens. Printed for R. Baldwin in Pater Noster Row and John Wilkie in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1761." Before one turns to the ballads he is welcomed with an old-fashioned, stately bow from the Editor, and is addressed in part as follows:

"As to the Chaſtity of its Contents we have been particularly careful to avoid everything poſſible to give Offence. But we

know there will not be wanting thoſe that will ſay to the Innocent and Virtuous, that we have caſt away Poetry, Wit, Humour, and every brilliant Ornament when we found them likely to be infectious through the Impropriety of their Subjects, or the Indecency of their Expreſſions.

"If any Lady or Gentleman will give themſelves the Trouble to compare this with any other Song Book extant, they will find a great Diſparity in their Correctneſs, having employed a Perſon, at ſome Expence to render this Edition correct. Permit us to wiſh your whole Lives may be a continual Concert of the ſweeteſt and pureſt Harmony, and give us Leave to ſubſcribe ourſelves

"Ladies and Gentlemen

"Your Obliged Servants

"THE EDITOR

"JUNE 1, 1761."

After this assurance we may open the volume at any page with safety. The love ballads quite out-number all others. Indeed the tender passion, devotion to roast beef and ale, and vindictive hatred of the French seem to have been the peculiar characteristics of the English when "The Bullfinch" first sang. The victims of love are mostly Celias, Lauras, Chlorises, Chloes, Nancys, and Florellas, and their victims in turn are Damons, Polydores, Phylanders, Colins, and Strephons, and many of these are shepherds "leading flocks along the mead," who are always struck with reverential awe when they first behold the charmers. They are generally serious and delightfully senti-

mental in their love-making, and they nearly always preach a little sermon. The Phylander who secured the hand of Amanda says:

"How much ſuperior Beauty awes
The coldeſt Boſoms find;
But with reſiſtleſs Force it draws,
To Senſe and Virtue join'd;
The Caſket where to outward Show
The Artiſt's Hand is ſeen,
Is doubly valued, when we know
It holds a Gem within."

Chloe also, when she asks the nymphs to select a swain for her, stipulates that reason must preside over his thoughts and honor guide his actions. He must be steadfast in virtue. His mind must be informed with solid sense and he must be a friend to modest merit. Such is "the Swain designed for love and me" whom Chloe seeks. It will be observed she makes no stipulations as to good looks or money. Except in the cases of soldiers and sailors, nearly all the love ballads end happily. The soldiers generally die in the arms of their Florindas. The sailors go "down among the dead men" and their Molls and Peggies abandon themselves to the very ecstasies of despairing grief. In one case a bride to be is in desperate straits and is about to give up marrying Wolly because she has neither blankets nor sheets

and is "scant o' claithes." The whole family labors with her. The bride's mother says:

"The Deel ſtick aw this Pride;
I had ne a Plack in my Pocket
The Day I was made a Breed.
My Gown was linſey-winſey
And neer a Sark at aw,
And you ha' Gowns and Buſkins
Mair than ane or twa."

The father, who has come in from the plough, cries out:

"Hawd your Tongue, my Daughter,
And ye'ſe get Geer enough.
The Stirk that gaus in the Tether
And our brawd Baſſen Yade
To lade your corn in Harveſt;
What wad you ha', you Jade?"

Then the brother, who has come in from the barn, expostulates, in brother fashion:

"Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you
Had he knawn you as weel as I,
For you'r baith proud, and ſaucy,
Ne fit for a pure Mon's Wife.
Gin I neer ha' better than you,
I 'ſe neer ha' ane in my Life."

The brother evidently knew her. Then the poor sister, as she sits down by the fire, gently but pathetically puts in the last word:

"O gin I were married to-Neet,
'T is aw that I 'd deſire,
But I, pure Girl, muſt live ſingle,
And do the beſt I can;
I did not care what came o' me,
So I had but a gude Man."

Wolly does not seem to have taken an active part in the symposium, but the onslaught is too much for the "jade." She swallows her pride and marries Wolly without further protest, and without blankets and sheets and a wedding trousseau.

The drinking songs are always rollicking and boastful. One of them, which combines praise of beer and patriotism, is a fair sample of them all:

"Let us ſing our own Treaſures, Old England's good cheer,
The Profits and Pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh Beer;
Your Wine-tipling, Dram-ſipping Fellows retreat,
But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

"The French with their Vineyards are meagre and pale;
They drink of the Squeezings of half-ripened fruit.
But we who have Hop-grounds to mellow our Ale
Are roſy and plump, and have Freedom to boot.

"Shou'd the French dare invade us thus armed with our Poles
We 'll bang their bare Ribs, make their Lanthorn Jaws ring;
For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls
Who will ſhed their laſt Drop for their Country and King."

"The Nightingale" was the song-book of our grandfathers. Its title-page contains the following inscrip-

tion: "The Nightingale. A Collection of the most popular, ancient and modern Songs, set to music. Selected by Samuel Larkin. 'Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre! . . . The Muses sung in Strains alternate.' Copy Right Secured. Printed for William and Daniel Treadwell, booksellers, Portsmouth, 1800." Portsmouth, N. H., and Newburyport, Mass., were in those days the music publishing centres of this country. The dedication is a modest one: "This first Number of the Nightingale is with deference dedicated to the young Ladies and Gentlemen of these States, in hopes that a fostering Patronage will annually produce an improved Volume." Like the sacred music of that day the secular music was largely borrowed from England, but occasionally a patriotic ballad of home-make appears. One of these is a stirring lyric, "Adams and Liberty," by Thomas Paine,[1] set to the tune now employed for "The Star-Spangled Banner."

[1] The Thomas Paine mentioned in the text must not be confounded with Thomas Paine the statesman and famous infidel. "Adams and Liberty" was written by Thomas Paine, son of Robert Treat Paine, the latter a delegate to the Continental Congress and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He signed this ballad, as well as "Fair Columbia," "Thomas Paine of Boston," to distinguish himself from Thomas Paine of Philadelphia, and in 1801 had his name changed by legislative act to Robert Treat Paine, Jr. His "Adams and Liberty," as well as another famous ballad of that time, "To Anacreon in Heaven," was set to the melody now used for the "Star-Spangled Banner." His "Fair Columbia" was always sung to the melody of "Rule Britannia."

It is nine stanzas in length, the last two being as follows:

"Should the Tempeſt of War overſhadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple aſunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would WASHINGTON ſtand
And repulſe, with his breaſt, the aſſaults of his thunder.
His ſword from the ſleep
Of its ſcabbard would leap
And conduct with its point every flaſh to the deep.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves
While the earth bears a plant or the ſea rolls its waves.

"Let Fame to the world ſound America's voice;
No intrigue can her ſons from their Government ſever;
Her pride is her ADAMS — his laws are her choice,
And ſhall flouriſh till Liberty ſlumber forever.
Then unite, heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And ſwear to the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er ſhall the ſons," etc.

The love poems of "The Nightingale" recall those of "The Bullfinch," but our forbears were less classical in their nomenclature. The Chloes, Florindas, and Daphnes disappear, and in their places come Nannies, Peggies, and Emmas; but it is the same old story. Robin complains of Nannie's ingratitude:

"To let her cows my clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of day?
When did her heifers ever faſt
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were
I never welcome was to her."

Peggie was a lass of a different sort:

"Five hundred fops, with ſhrugs and hops,
And leers, and ſmiles and ſmirkings,
Moſt willing ſhe would leave for me —
Oh! what a Peggy Perkins."

"Poor Emma," whose Henry has gone to the wars, was continually sighing:

"Nor was it ſtrange ſo little fear,
Should fill a breaſt like her's forlorn;
For, ah! ſhe mourned her Henry dear,
Whom cruel war had from her torn.
She heard the night bird's horrid ſcreaming,
The lightning glared, ah! dread dilemma!
And Henry's ghoſt, the frequent gleaming
Diſcloſed, and ſhrieking ſwooned poor Emma."

It must be confessed the sentiment a hundred years ago was somewhat tiresome. There is much of the plaintive notes of Sweet Ellen, "sorrow's child," of the anguish of the "hapless maid, Maria," who has a love-lorn story, and of "Caroline of Litchfield" whose "love was nipt by adverſe fate ere ſcarcely it was dawning," and of many other sorrowful maids waiting for death to end their lives of woe. The ballad-writers of that day made quite free with persons. In one lyric Wolfe bids a fond adieu to his Sophia. Sterne's Maria, whose rest has been disturbed by love, is pathetically apostrophized. Major André sends this last maudlin message to Delia:

"Since I'm remov'd from ſtate,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine.
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happineſs!
This grant, ye powers above!
And take my ſoul to bliſs."

Sailors' songs are numerous in "The Nightingale," and one of these, each stanza ending with the refrain, —

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack,"

has always been popular. Its sequel, "Davy Jones's Locker," is probably known to few. It relates the fate of "Poor Jack." One day at the masthead he espied seven sail. The deck was cleared for action and a furious battle ensued. At last Jack, finding that surrender was inevitable, thus addressed his shipmates:

"What 's life, d' ye ſee, when our liberty 's gone,
Much nobler it were for to die,
So now for old Davy — then plunged in the main;
E'en the Cherub above heav'd a ſigh."

The days of sentiment have passed away, and we look back upon them with a feeling akin to contempt. The ballad-maker no longer plies his trade. The song-book has become a curiosity. The Bullfinches and

Nightingales all have flown away, and their songs are no longer heard. The world grows older and wiser, but does it grow happier? It gathers up great stores of knowledge, and men and women are eagerly striving to increase them. It heaps up wealth, and yet the struggle to accumulate grows fiercer and fiercer. The world has grown learned, but is it not losing something of pleasure that cannot be learned in books? It has the flying machine, the automobile, the telegraph and telephone, the merger, the trust, and all the expressions of the commercial spirit in manifold variety. But does all this compensate for the loss of the Bullfinches and Nightingales?

Whereever you traveled then, you might meet on the way
Brave Knights and Gentlemen, clad in their Country Gray;
That courteous would appear, and kindly welcome you,
No Puritans then were, when this old Cap was new.

Our Ladies in those Dayes in civil Habit went,
Broadcloth was then worth Prayse, and gave the best Content;
French Fashions then were scorned, fond Fangles then none knew
Then Modestie Women adorn'd, when this old Cap was new.

A Man might then behold, at Christmas in each Hall,
Good Fires to curbe the Cold, and Meat for great and Small.
The Neighbors were friendly bidden, and all had Welcome true,
The Poor from the Gates were not chidden when this old Cap was new.

Old Ballad.

THE MAN BEETHOVEN

THE MAN BEETHOVEN

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

BROWNING'S "Abt Vogler."

ALL the world knows the composer Beethoven. It has accorded him the highest place as the Master of modern music, and has recognized him as the connecting link between the music of the present and that of his great predecessors, Bach, Handel, and Mozart. But what of the man Beethoven? What manner of man was he in his every-day life, among his friends and as his neighbors saw him, familiarly walking the streets of Vienna or strolling out into the country whither his intense love of nature frequently attracted him? It may be profitable, even at the risk of destroying some illusions, to consider him not as an Olympian Jupiter, as is the manner of some, or from any ideal point of view, or even as the composer of the Fifth Symphony, or the C Sharp Minor Sonata, or the Ghost Trio, but simply

as plain Herr van Beethoven, the man, with all his failings, his eccentricities, and unpleasant qualities, and with those other qualities which in a certain way redeemed the disagreeable ones.

There are four portraits of Beethoven, painted during his life, but none of these is as satisfactory as a miniature executed by Hornemann in 1802 and a pen and ink sketch, made by Lyser, as he saw him walking along the street in Vienna. The latter, a reproduction of which appears in this volume, may be relied upon as genuine, as it came into the writer's possession directly from the hands of the late Alexander W. Thayer, the famous Beethoven scholar and biographer. Its accuracy has been vouched for by Breuning, in whose family Beethoven lived for some time, with the single exception that the hat should have been straight on his head. The exception, however, counts for but little, for if Beethoven, at the particular time when the artist so rapidly sketched him, had been in one of his moods, or "raptuses," as Mr. Breuning called them, he would neither have known nor cared whether his hat was on straight or crooked. It may confidently be asserted, that the artist did not flatter him, which gives all the more assurance that the picture is a life-like sketch of him, with all its plainness and its awkwardness, and yet with all its tremendous force and energy. The contemporary descriptions of his appear-

ance agree in nearly every particular, and from a summary of them it is to be inferred that he was below middle height, broadly and strongly built across the shoulders, with short massive legs, muscular arms, powerful hairy hands, and short, bluntly tipped fingers. His hair at this time, which had been black, was grizzled. His forehead was broad and strongly intellectual in type, his eyes piercingly bright, the mouth and jaw indicating iron firmness, the face slightly pock-marked, his head massive and impressive. The figure in its pose, its bearing, its action, and movement is the very ideal of strength, vital force, and almost resistless energy. There are statuettes evidently modelled after the Lyser sketch which bring out still more clearly the idea of tremendous physical force. Speaking of his whole appearance, Rochlitz, who often saw him, says: "Imagine a man of about fifty, rather short than otherwise, but broad and strongly built, thickset, large-boned particularly; ruddy, healthy color; restless, sparkling eyes, which when gazing fixedly at anything became almost piercing; hasty in his movements when he moved at all; the expression of his face, particularly that of his eye (so full of life and mind), a mixture of or a transition between the most cordial kindliness and reserve." Opinions as to his appearance differed among those who knew him. Schlosser, a friend, says: "A student of human nature could tell at a

glance that he was in the presence of a genius. Beethoven's gait was firm; a peculiar expression lingered round his lips; the eyes shone with extraordinary depth of sentiment, and majestic creative power sat enthroned upon his forehead." Frau von Bernhard, an acquaintance, who met him in Vienna, on the other hand, says: "He is short and insignificant looking, with a red face. His general bearing shows no signs of culture and his behavior is very unmannerly. He is very proud."

In his earlier days in Vienna, Beethoven made some effort to conform to the fashions. He wore at that time silk stockings, a perruque, long boots, and a sword. One who saw him says he wore a blue and sometimes a dark green coat with large copper buttons, a white and spotless cravat only crossed by the ribbon of his eyeglass, and a tall hat pushed back so far that it rested upon the coat collar, which is its condition in the Lyser sketch. He did not long try, however, to keep in the fashion. Dress was unendurable to him at all times, and he soon relapsed into the careless, unconventional attire in which he is pictured, which certainly must have been more agreeable as well as convenient for one as absent-minded and simple in his habits as Beethoven. The popular conception of him is evidently the result of the popular tendency to idealize a genius, and in Beethoven's case it was not

confined to the man himself but extended to some of his compositions, about which, with the aid of such rhapsodists as Rau and the Polkos, all sorts of romantic nonsense has been told and has now come to be believed.

What of Beethoven's domestic life? He never married. If he had he might have been saved great trouble and annoyance, always providing, however, he could have found a wife who would have understood him and have submitted to his brusque and sometimes unmannerly behavior, for the sake of what was underneath it all. He was in almost constant trouble with landlords, cooks, and housekeepers. The various memoirs are full of details of these troubles. The following extracts from his own journals bear witness to it:

1819.

31st January. Gave warning to the housekeeper.
15th February. The kitchen-maid came.
8th March. The kitchen-maid gave a fortnight's warning.
22d March. The new housekeeper came.
12th May. Arrived at Mödling, Miser et pauper sum.
14th May. The house-maid came; to have six florins per month.
20th July. Gave warning to the housekeeper.

1820.

17th April. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day.
18th May. Gave warning to the kitchen-maid.
19th May. The kitchen-maid left.
30th May. The woman came.

18th July. The kitchen-maid arrived.
28th July. At night, the kitchen-maid ran away.
30th July. The woman from Unter-Döbling came.
10th, 11th, 12th and 13th August, bad days (because the food was spoiled).
28th August. The woman's month expires.
6th September. The girl came.
22d October. The girl left.
12th December. The kitchen-maid came.
18th December. Gave warning to the kitchen-maid.
27th December. The new house-maid came.

And so the pitiful story runs, day after day. He would leave one apartment because the sun shone too strongly into it; another, because there was not sun enough; and still another, because there was not water enough; and as he usually left at an hour's notice, he was often embarrassed to find a lodging place. His arrangements with landlords were so unbusiness-like that sometimes he found himself with two or three houses on his hands at once. He dismissed one cook in a rage because she had told an untruth, declaring that a cook who would lie could not make good soup. When another cook served some bad eggs he flung them at her head and drove her out of the house. Oublichieff has left a description of the disorder which reigned in his apartments: "Books and music lay on every article of furniture, or were heaped up like pyramids in the four corners. A mul-

titude of letters which he had received during the week or the month covered the floor like a white carpet with red spots. On the window-sill were displayed the remains of a succulent breakfast by the side or on the top of proof-sheets awaiting correction. There a row of bottles, some sealed, some empty; further on an escritoire, and on it the sketch of a quartette; on the piano-forte a flying sheet of note-paper with the embryo of a symphony; while to bring so many directly opposite things into harmony everything was united by a thick layer of dust." Under such circumstances it is little wonder that upon one occasion he missed a score, copied from the Mass in D, and eventually found it in the kitchen, where it had been used by the cook for various purposes. In an entertaining sketch, "Beethoven in Gneixendorf," there is a lively account of his oddities in some reminiscences of Michael Kreu, which in part are as follows:

"At first the cook had to make Beethoven's bed. One day he was sitting at the table, tossing his hands about, beating time with his feet, and singing or growling to it. The cook burst out laughing; as Beethoven happened at the moment to look round he saw her, and instantly drove her out of the room. Michael was running out with her, but Beethoven drew him back, gave him three twenty-kreuzer pieces, told him not to be afraid, and added, that he must for the future

make his bed and keep the room in order. . . Michael had to go up to him very early, but generally had to knock a long time, before Beethoven opened the door. He usually rose at half-past five, seated himself at his table, and began to write, singing and growling and beating time with hands and feet. At first, Michael used to creep out of the room, when he could not keep from laughing, but by degrees he became accustomed to it.

"At half-past seven the family breakfasted together; after which Beethoven always went out walking, loitering about the fields, shouting, tossing his hands, now moving very slowly, then again rapidly, or stopping suddenly and writing in a sort of pocket-book. After reaching home one day, he noticed that he had lost this book. 'Michael,' said he, 'run and hunt for my manuscript, I must have it at any cost.' It was found.

"At half-past twelve he came home to dinner, and afterwards retired to his room until about three o'clock, and then went wandering again through the fields until about sunset, after which he rarely went out again. At half-past seven was supper; then he retired to his room, wrote until ten o'clock, and went to bed. Sometimes he played the pianoforte; the instrument, however, was not in his chamber, but in the hall. His chamber, which nobody but Michael was allowed to enter, was a corner one, towards the garden and court. While Beethoven was taking his morning walk, Michael must put the room in order. He found money several times lying on the floor; and when he returned it, Beethoven would ask where he found it. And Michael must show him the exact spot where it was found, and then it was given him as a present. This happened three or four times [obviously to try Michael's honesty]; thenceforward he found no more."

Beethoven once was imposed upon in Vienna by a housekeeper in the expenses of his household and he ever thereafter had a chronic distrust of servants. At one time he compelled the housekeeper to make out an itemized statement each day of the table expenses. The writer has in his possession one of these original statements, covering a week. Every article of food and drink, with its cost in kreuzers, is written down in almost illegible script, and sometimes spelled as badly as it is written, by the housekeeper. The accounts are kept on long, narrow sheets of a coarse paper. At the bottom of each list of Rinderbraten, Kalbfleisch, Schweinfleisch, Hering, Wienerwürst, Rhein wein, Bier, Kaffeekuchen, and other articles for the table, Beethoven has written in the total, sometimes approving, at other times complaining that the expense is too heavy. It is evident from the statement that the impracticable composer was quite as liable to be cheated with such an account as without it. It is a pathetic reminder of the great Master's troubles; and the slovenly and almost illegible entries of the housekeeper, with the equally well-nigh illegible comments and auditing of Beethoven, illustrate in a way the general disorder of his housekeeping. They are mute testimony to the struggles of genius with the petty and often vulgar incidents of domestic life.

It was a common complaint against Beethoven

that he was ill-tempered and morose of disposition. The complaint, however, is not well founded. Unquestionably he was irritable and sometimes irascible, but at bottom he was kind-hearted, sensitive, and when he had offended by his brusquerie, or by some sudden explosion of temper, he was always quick to make amends. He had much to make him irritable. His deafness during the latter part of his life, and his knowledge, long before the malady made itself manifest, that he was doomed, gave him many melancholy moments. His family troubles were a sore affliction to him, and at one time became so grievous a burden that he contemplated suicide. When engaged in composition he was so engrossed that any interruption was an extreme annoyance to him, and when, as often happened, strangers intruded themselves upon him from motives of mere curiosity and sought to lionize him, he resented their visit as a gross impertinence, and was not slow about expressing himself in such manner that the impertinence would not be repeated. Rochlitz, in his personal recollections of Beethoven, says: "Even his scolding tirades are only explosions of fancy and a momentary excitement. They are blurted out without the least pride, without any bitterness or meanness of spirit, but only lightly, good humoredly, with humorous caprice — and that is the end of it." Cipriani Potter curiously finds a delineation of the composer in his

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

two sonatas, Ops. 90 and 101, "containing the most amiable thoughts, intense feeling, and passion, with a decided melancholy pervading the whole." Perhaps one of the best tests of his nobility and strength of character is the extraordinary way in which he retained the esteem of his friends. He was a radical republican in his political opinions, and yet he had warm friends in aristocratic circles. At the time of the Vienna Congress, Prince Rasoumousky's salon was the scene of numerous festivities, to all of which Beethoven was invited. Schindler says: "By Prince Rasoumousky he was presented to the notabilities, who, in the most flattering terms, gave him proofs of their respect. Not without feeling did the great master afterwards recall those days in the Imperial Palace and that of the Russian Prince, and once with a certain pride he remarked that he had allowed the crowned heads to pay court to him, and that he had carried himself thereby proudly." He made friends with many of the nobility, but never at the cost of his self-respect or his sturdy independence. He never truckled to those superior to him in birth and in station. Rather he carried himself with a certain loftiness, as when Frederick made his courtiers stand one side and pay homage to plain Sebastian Bach, cantor of St. Thomas. It was Beethoven who rebuked Goethe for removing his hat and standing bare-headed until the Emperor

had passed. In spite of his aloofness and seeming indifference he retained his friends. Some of his intimates, though living in the same city, he would not see for months or even years, but the friendship was never weakened. Even when he harshly treated them they still clung to him. He was often suspicious of them, hasty in his personal judgment, abrupt, peremptory, and apparently unsympathetic, though never malicious, in his treatment of them ; but still they overlooked it all and remained his stanch friends. What was the secret of it? Was it not his inflexible integrity, his personal independence, his absolute truth joined with his purity and dignity of character and his generous readiness to concede the merits of others? Though he knew, like Horace, that he had finished a monument more enduring than bronze with his nine immortal symphonies, yet he could recognize the merit of his great predecessors, Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Haydn. Though he had never met Schubert, who was almost his neighbor, yet on his death-bed, when some of the latter's music was shown to him, he looked it over carefully and exclaimed "Surely, he has the divine spark." Beethoven was absolutely true in every relation of life. He could make no concessions to the multitude, no appeals to vanity. The freedom and truth in his compositions are but expressions of the freedom and truth of his life.

Strangely commingled with all these qualities was his sense of humor. It always has been the popular belief that Beethoven was of a gloomy disposition, but he was far from this. Except in his moments of extreme depression he was of lively temperament, fond of joking, and a bad punster. Humor indeed was his saving grace. Had he not possessed it the other side of his nature would have made his life much more melancholy than it was. Rochlitz says in one of his letters: "When he is once put in motion, striking witticisms, humorous ideas, surprising combinations, exciting paradoxes flow from him incessantly. The dark, rough bear seems so trusty and friendly, growls and shakes himself so innocently, that one cannot help being pleased and liking him, even if he were nothing but such a bear and had never done more than such an one can." True his jokes are often ponderous, his puns execrable, and his gayety like that of an elephant disporting itself, but it is cheerful, cordial, good-natured. It enabled him to preserve elasticity of spirits and to meet the hard fate which fortune had in store for him with equanimity and courage greater than he otherwise could have had. Some of his jokes, as collected by Mr. Thayer, his biographer, and stated by him many years ago in an address delivered before the Schiller Verein in Trieste will give the reader a taste of his heavy wit:

In Artaria's music store, he read in a newspaper that Mosel — the mutilator of several of Handel's Oratorios — had been ennobled on account of services to the cause of Music.

"The Mosel flows *muddy* into the Rhine," said he, laughing.

On hearing (or reading) an overture of Weber [Weaver], "H'm!" said he, "it is just woven!"

He was talking with Carl Czerny's father, who was also very deaf. Both pointed to the window, and began talking upon totally different topics. At length Beethoven noticed it, took his hat, and went away laughing, with the remark: "Two deaf men trying to tell stories to each other!" They heard him still laughing far down the stairs.

In March, 1820, some one talked with him in a conversation-book about E. T. W. Hofmann, the author of the "Fantasy Pieces." So he began in the same book to write, with the common signs of long and short syllables, Hoffmănn, thou art no Hoffmānn [Courtier]. And thus originated the text to his canon: "Hoffmănn, be no Hofmānn. Yes, my name is Hoffmănn, but I am no Hofmānn."

In the spring of 1824, Schuppanzigh, first violin of the famous quartet, introduced to the composer his new Second thus: "This is a wooden scholar of mine, his name is Wood." This was Carl Holz ["Wood" in English], who soon took the place of Schindler (for a time) as Beethoven's factotum, and whose name gave the master frequent opportunity for play upon words. Joseph Ries attended a rehearsal of one of the last quartets, and related that Beethoven, in the finale — although he could not hear a note — signified by a motion that something was not quite right. On Schuppan-

zigh's asking what the fault was, he pointed to a passage, where Holz had mistaken the bowing, and said: "Put some Holz (wood) under Holz's chair, and kindle it, that Holz may take fire."

When Professor Seifert — about three weeks after his return from Gneixendorf — tapped him for dropsy, and he saw the clear water spouting from the tube, he said to the surgeon: "Herr Professor, you appear to me like Moses, striking the rock with his staff."

Shortly before he died, and after he had transacted the last duty of life, he turned to his oldest friends, Breuning and Schindler, and with a smile on the worn, rugged face, said to them: "Plaudite, amici, comedia finita est." It was his last joke. The comedy was indeed over, and he soon passed away in a convulsion of the elements, as is fitting when a great man dies. But even the elements could not daunt his indomitable spirit. In his dying moment a terrible crash of thunder aroused him from his unconsciousness, and he clenched his fist and shook it above him, and then as the peal died away his hand fell and the Master was at rest.

> "He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

It was undoubtedly one of the chief compensations in Beethoven's life that he was passionately fond of nature. He was born in the Rhine valley, near the "Siebengebirge," and his young life was largely spent in

the open air and the fields. Freedom was the dominating influence in his life, — not only mental freedom, musical freedom, and spiritual freedom, but physical freedom also, — and how could he better secure the latter than by getting beyond the walls of Vienna, out of its, at that time, narrow streets and confined buildings, and into the bracing atmosphere, and the delightful liberty of nature, where he could breathe a full breath and feel himself absolutely unrestrained by those conventionalities and fashions which he hated so cordially. In the summer he was almost continually in the country, for it was an easy matter then to get to the little rural villages in the environs of the city. In one of his letters he says: "No man loves the country more. Woods, trees, and rocks give the response which man requires. Every tree seems to say, 'Holy, holy.'" He wandered in the woods or in the fields with all the delight of a child, and it was out in open nature that he sketched many of his greater works, among them the Eroica Symphony, the "Mount of Olives," "Fidelio" and the Sixth Symphony ("Pastoral"). With the exception of the "Pastoral" these works were composed "in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn," says Schindler, "seated between the two stems of an oak which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground." In another connection Schindler remarks: "As the

bee gathers honey from the flowers of the meadows, so Beethoven often collected his most sublime ideas while roaming about in the open fields. The habit of going abroad suddenly, and as unexpectedly returning, just as the whim happened to strike him, was practised by Beethoven alike at all seasons of the year; cold or heat, rain or sunshine, were all alike to him. In the autumn he used to return to town as sunburned as though he had been sharing the daily toil of the reapers and gleaners." If there were no other proof of his great love of nature the Sixth Symphony (the "Pastoral") would be sufficient evidence. In that exquisite work he has left a picture of nature as he felt it. He was careful to entitle it as more "an expression of feeling than as a painting" of nature, and yet it is as vivid as a picture in colors. It is his own transcript of the impressions he had gathered in those lonely walks about the country,— the cheerful thoughts among the fields, the scene by the brook as it gurgles musically along, accompanying the song of the nightingale, the whistle of the quail, and the monotonous call of the cuckoo, the gathering of the peasants and their merry-making, the ominous roll of the distant thunder, the patter of the rain, and then the full fury of the storm, and finally as it passes on and the sun once more breaks through the clouds the song of the Shepherds expressing "glad and thankful feelings after the

storm," as his programme says. It is a picture of nature in tones, simple in its design, sure in its handling, loving in its purpose, without effort or striving, and yet for nearly a century it has been the model for all tone poets who have written of Nature, because the great master described not so much what he saw as the impression it left upon a soul in absolute accord with nature.

Love of nature, love of humanity, love of woman, were dominating forces in Beethoven's nature. Wegeler, one of his biographers, says of him, that he was always under the dominion of love, and Taine in his essay on Beethoven says: "He lived in the ideal world which Petrarch and Dante described, and his passion took nothing from his austerity. Unable to marry, he remained chaste; and he loved as purely as he wrote. He hated licentious speech and blamed the 'Don Giovanni' of Mozart because a thing so holy as art should not so prostitute itself as to serve to link together so scandalous a story." In his own words: "I was born with a passionate and excitable temperament; I am keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society; my heart and mind were, even from childhood, prone to the most tender feelings of affection." With such a temperament it is not strange that his list of attachments was a long one, and yet it is questionable whether any of them but one made a

lasting impression upon him. He once playfully remarked that he had loved the same woman for seven whole months. In another volume, "Woman in Music," the writer of this has described these various attachments and the influence which they had upon his music, so that they do not need repeating here. But there was one of them which made a lasting impression upon him and which deserves brief corrective mention. After Beethoven's death it is well known that three letters were found in a secret drawer of his desk in his own handwriting. One of them begins: "My angel, my all, my self"; another, "Good morning: while I was still in my bed my thoughts flew to thee, my immortal beloved." It was long supposed that the "immortal beloved" was the Countess Guicciardi, one of his pupils, to whom he dedicated the well-known sonata in C sharp minor, commonly known by the absurd title of "Moonlight," and this supposition was adopted in "Woman in Music," but more recent investigations have established beyond much doubt that the letters were addressed to the Countess Teresa von Brunswick, whose portrait was found in the same drawer, with a paper in the Countess's handwriting bearing the words: "To the rare Genius, the great Artist, the excellent Man, from T. B." His friend Von Spaun relates that one day, not long before his death, he found him walking up and

down his room, talking to himself, and looking at this picture with tearful eyes. The Countess, who was a woman of the highest dignity and purity of character as well as of personal beauty, never married. Why Beethoven never married his "Immortal Beloved" he has told in a letter to his friend Wegeler: "I am leading a more agreeable and less misanthropic life. This change has been brought by a lovely, fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love. It is the first time I ever felt that love could make me happy. Unluckily she is not in my rank in life; and, indeed, at this moment I can marry no one."

Love played a leading part in Beethoven's life. It was in the soul of the man, and it is the soul of his music. The love of freedom is in the "Eroica," the love of purity in "Fidelio," the love of nature in the "Pastoral Symphony," the love of the divine in the "Second Mass," the love of humanity in the vocal final of the Ninth Symphony

> "Seid umschlungen, Millionen
> Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt."

Summing up the qualities of Beethoven as a man, it is to be said that he was proud without vanity, defiant in his temperament and yet most tender-hearted, enormously self-conscious and yet sensitively considerate of others' merits, irascible in the extreme and

yet incapable of retaining a resentment, unreasonably suspicious of his friends yet never alienating them, fond of society yet inclined to solitude, religious in his morality and in his art yet vaguely comprehending the Divine except as he saw it in nature and humanity. He found no satisfaction in the superficial and had no sympathy with frivolity. Selfishness enraged him because it was an insult to the humanity he loved so well. In his days of poverty he conducted at a charity concert. When payment was offered him he said, "Beethoven never accepts anything where humanity is concerned." He was mercilessly honest with himself and with others. While recognizing his own limitations, he knew the value of his work, and knew that his art would live because it was not commercial, because he "wrought in a sad sincerity," because art to him meant the expression of the inward voice of the soul. Such a man could not but be honest and hold to the absolute truth in his art and his life. Truth was the fundamental principle of his life. Art was his mistress and sorrow was his companion. Let us take leave of the Master with his own inspiring words as Bettina von Arnim reported them to Goethe: "When I lift up mine eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise the world because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy. Music is like wine, in-

flaming men's minds to new achievements; and I am the Bacchus serving it out to them, even unto intoxication. When they are sobered down again, they shall find themselves possessed of a spiritual draught such as shall remain with them ever on dry land. I have no friend — I must live all to myself; yet I know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art. I hold converse with Him, and fear not, for I have always known and understood Him. Nor do I fear for my works. No evil can befall them; and whosoever shall understand them, he shall be freed from all such misery as burthens mankind."

"O, sovereign Master! Stern and splendid power
That calmly dost both Time and Death defy,
Lofty and lone as mountain peaks that tower,
Lifting our thoughts up to the eternal sky;
Keeper of some divine mysterious key,
Raising us far above all human care,
Unlocking awful gates of harmony
To let Heaven's light in on the world's despair;
Smiter of solemn chords that still command
Echoes in souls that suffer and aspire,
In the great moment while we hold thy hand,
Baptized with pain and rapture, tears and fire,
God lifts our saddened foreheads from the dust,
The everlasting God in whom we trust.

CELIA THAXTER.

INDEX

INDEX

Academy, the Florentine, 92
Addison, 75
Adams, Samuel, 62, 63
Aënobarbus, Domitius, 4, 5
Agrippina, 5
Ainsworth, 60
Auber, 126
Autolycus, 167, 168, 169

Bach, Anna Magdalena, 41
Bach, Johann Sebastian, 32, 38, 39, 40, 41, 48, 130, 187, 197, 198
Bach, Veit, 38
Baireuth, 130
Ballads, 141, 167
Banister, 29
Bardi, Giovanni, 92, 93
Bay Psalm Book, 60
Becket, Thomas à, 143
Beethoven, 38, 39, 51–55, 86, 91, 127, 130, 187; portraits of, 188, 189; personal appearance, 189, 190; domestic life, 191, 192, 193, 194; his disposition, 195, 196, 197, 198; his humor, 198, 199, 200, 201; love of nature, 201, 202, 203; his love attachments, 204, 205; summary of his character, 206, 207
Beggar's Opera, 29, 107
Berlioz, 122
Billings, William, 59; his music, 60; his patriotic hymns, 63; his works, 63–66; his peculiarities, 67, 68; death, 69
Bird, Dr., 156, 159, 160
Boleyn, Anne, 135, 141, 148, 149
Bononcini, 107
Bordoni, 109
Brentano, Bettina, 53
Britton, Thomas, 21–33; his business, 23; his culture, 24; his concerts, 26; death, 31
Browne, Sir Thomas, 37, 38
Brunswick, Countess Teresa von, 205
Bull, Dr. John, 172

Caccini, Giulio, 93, 94
Cæsars, the, 3, 4
Carey, Henry, 84, 87
Carew, Sir Peter, 137
Catharine of Aragon, 146, 147
Cavalieri, Emilio del, 93, 94
Chamber Concerts, 22
Chant, Gregorian, 103–106
Charles, the First, 27
Charlemagne, 103–106
Chaucer, 141
Cibber, Colley, 77, 110
Claque, the, 8
Congreve, 76
Controversies, Musical, 103

Corsi, Giacomo, 93
Creation, The, 47
Cromwell, 27, 172
Cuzzoni, 108–111

Dubourg, 30

Edward, the Sixth, 135, 143, 145, 146, 147, 149, 154, 171
Elizabeth, Queen, 135, 142–145, 147–156, 159–163, 171
Euridice, 94–98
Estrange, Roger l', 26

Faustina, 110–112
Fenton, Lavinia, 80, 83
Fielding, Sir John, 81
First American Composer, 59
First Opera, 91
Flying Dutchman, The, 125

Garrick, 81
Gay, 75, 76, 77, 79, 82, 83, 85, 86, 88
Giustiniani, 137
Gluck, 91, 92, 113, 116–121
Goethe, 197, 207
Guicciardi, Countess, 205

Halévy, 126
Handel, 16, 26, 29, 30, 38, 42–45, 75, 85, 87, 91, 107–110, 149, 187, 198, 199
Hawkins, 26, 42, 43
Haydn, 38, 45, 46, 47, 49, 127, 198
Henry, the Fourth, 93, 95, 98
Henry, the Sixth, 140, 150, 160, 162, 170, 171
Henry, the Eighth, 135–139, 141, 148, 155
Hogarth, 80

Impressing of boys, 139, 140
Incledon, 82, 86
Iphigénia en Tauride, 120

Linley, Thomas, 80
Liszt, 126, 127
Locusta, 6
Lohengrin, 127
Lully, 91, 112, 113, 116

Madrigals, 157
Marbeck, John, 143, 146, 156
Maria de' Medici, 93, 95
Mary, Queen, 135, 145–147, 149, 150, 154, 171
Mary, Queen of Scots, 151, 153
Melville, Sir Joseph, 151, 152
Mendelssohn, 128, 129
Messiah, The, 42, 44
Meyerbeer, 126, 128, 130
Monteverde, 91, 98
Morley, Thomas, 156, 158
Moscheles, 52, 54
Mozart, 32, 38, 39, 48, 49, 51, 91, 122, 123 ,127, 130, 187, 198, 204
Music and Religion, 37, 55
Musical Small-Coals Man, 21–33

Nero, as artist, 3, 17; his triumphs, 11 ; intrigues, 12 ; burning of Rome, 13, 14 ; death, 15
Newman, Cardinal, 38
Nibelungen Trilogy, 130
Nietzsche, 129
"Nutbrowne Mayde," 169, 170

Oriana, The Triumphs of, 158

Paine, Robert Treat, 179
Paine, Thomas, 179
Pastime with Good Company, 136
Pepusch, Dr., 29, 84, 85, 88
Pergolesi, 114, 116, 121
Peri, Jacopo, 91, 93, 94–99
Piccinni, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121
Playford, 60, 150
Pope, 75, 76, 77, 79, 109, 111
Prior, 32
Psalmody, 60, 61

Rameau, 91, 92, 112, 113, 114, 116
Rasoumousky, Prince, 197
Ravenscroft, 60
Rich, 77, 82, 83
Rienzi, 126
Rinuccini, Ottavio, 93, 94, 95, 98, 99
Rossini, 91, 121, 122, 123, 124, 127, 130
Rousseau, 113
Rubinstein, 16

Saguadino, 138
Saint-Saëns, 130
Saltoun, Henry, 171
Scarlatti, 91
Schubert, 130, 198
Schumann, 129
Seneca, 5
Senesino, 107, 108, 110, 111
Siegfried, 130
Skelton, John, 170, 171
Sternhold-Hopkins, 60, 145, 146
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 88
Swift, Dean, 75, 76, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87
Symphony, Beethoven's Ninth, 51, 54; Fifth, 187, 206; Eroica, 202, 206; Sixth, 202, 203

Tallis, Thomas, 144, 156, 159, 160
Tannhäuser, 126, 130.
Tansur, 59, 61
Terpnus, 7
Thoresby, 28
"Time's Alteration," 173
Tristan and Isolde, 127
Tusser, 140
Tye, Dr. Christopher, 144, 149, 156

Verdi, 91
Vespasian, 9
Virginals, the, 137

Wagner, 91, 92, 125–128, 130, 131
Walpole, Horace, 28, 108
Walpole, Robert, 77, 78
Ward, Eben, 23, 27
Weber, von, 91, 200
Wolsey, Cardinal, 142, 154
Woolaston, 28, 32
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 174

PRINTED FOR A. C. McCLURG & CO. BY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, JOHN WILSON
& SON (INC.), CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

Music Department

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

JAN 3 1957